

The Sketch.



Established 1769.]

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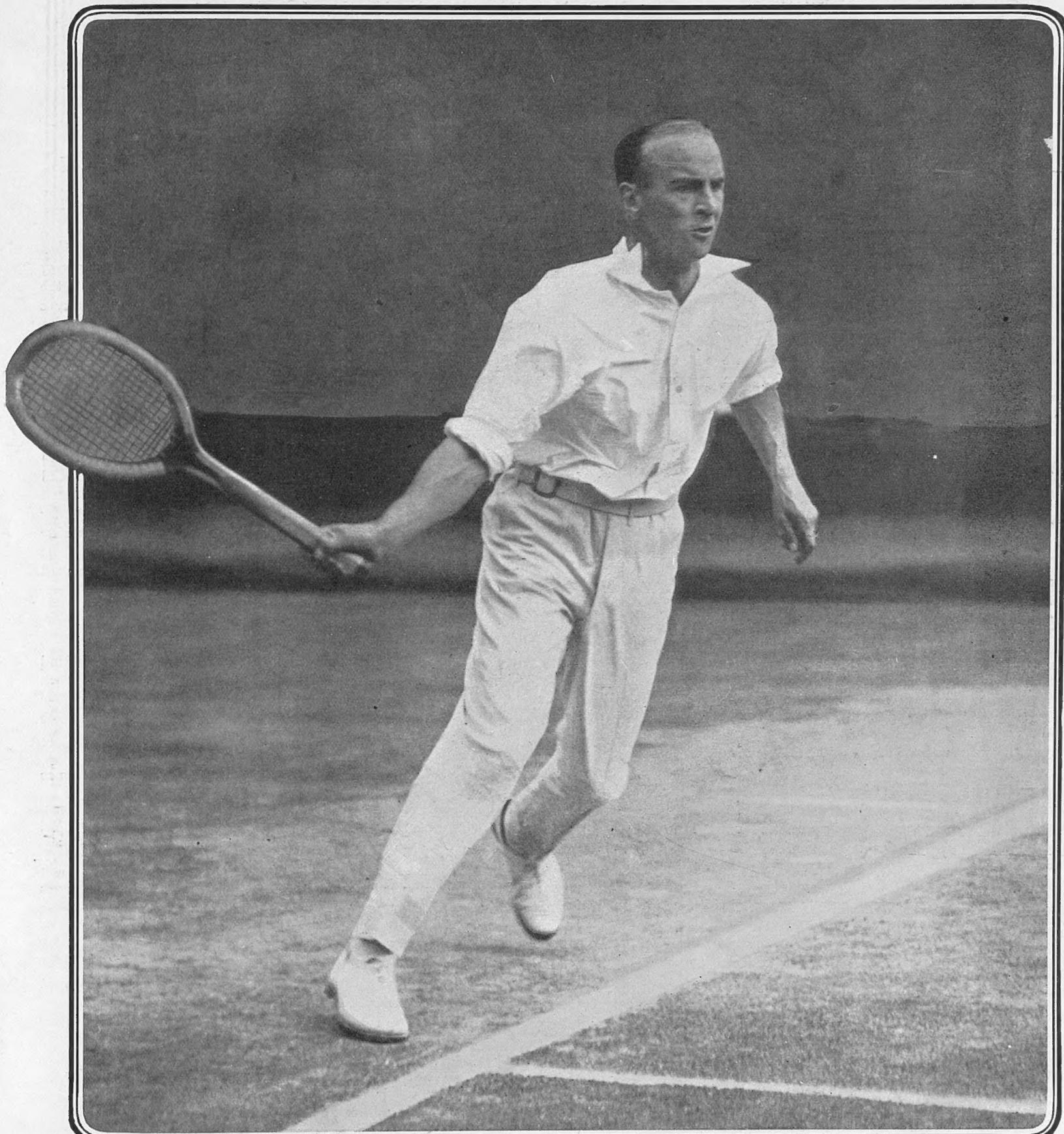
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The Sketch

No. 1070.—Vol. LXXXIII.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 30, 1913.

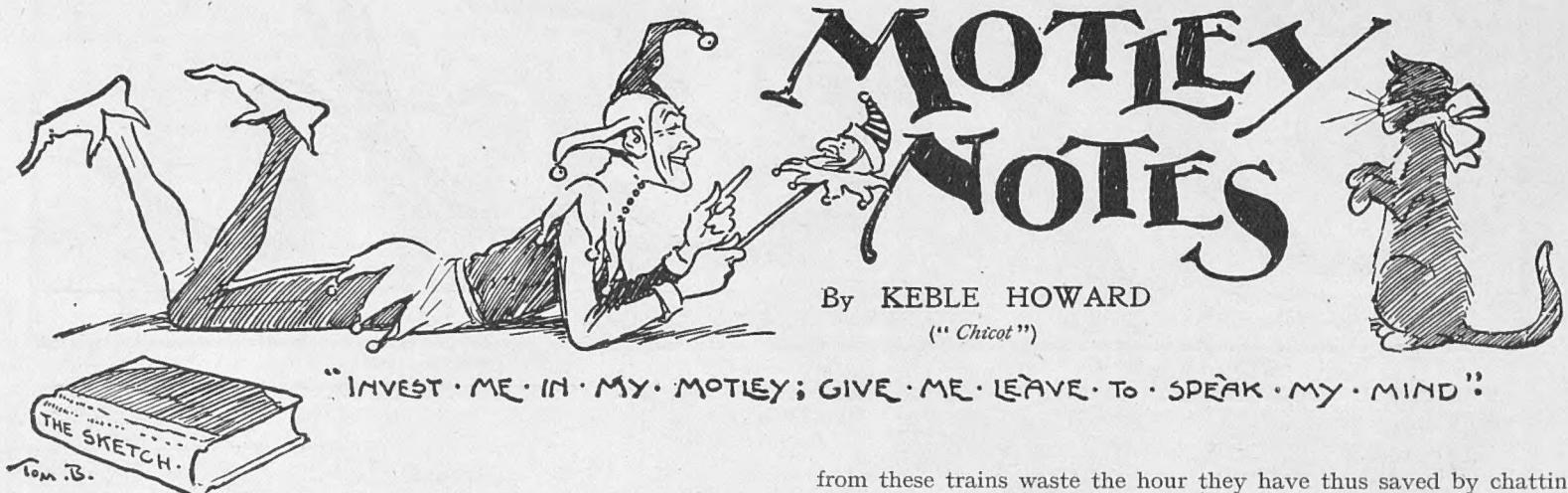
SIXPENCE.



KEEPING THE UNION JACK FLYING: MR. J. C. PARKE (BRITISH ISLES) IN HIS GREAT GAME WITH MR. M. E. McLOUGHLIN (AMERICA) IN THE DAVIS CUP LAWN-TENNIS FINALS AT WIMBLEDON.

The match last Friday at Wimbledon between Mr. J. C. Parke, the Irish player, and the American, Mr. M. E. McLoughlin, who is famous for his lightning serves, was one of the most sensational that has ever been seen, victory alternating from one to the other in a "ding-dong" style, both in points and games. In the end Mr. Parke beat Mr. McLoughlin by 3 sets to 2, the games being 8-10, 7-5, 6-4, 1-6, and 7-5. There was

great enthusiasm at the victory of the British player, especially as in the Championship match the American had beaten him without the loss of a set. The Davis Cup, it may be recalled, is awarded to the team which wins three out of five matches—one double and four singles. The Doubles were fixed for Saturday, July 26, and for Monday, July 28, the remaining Singles.—[Photograph by Topical.]



Mr. Grundy
Indignant.

A week or two ago, friend the reader, I had something to say about Mr. John Henry Mears, of New York. Mr. Mears, you may remember, is attempting to travel round the world in thirty-five days, the previous "best" being thirty-nine days. I said that this was precisely the kind of job for which I had been looking, and I drew a pleasant picture of the life of the record-breaker on the trains and steam-boats.

This little paragraph has brought me a very indignant letter from Mr. Fred Grundy, the genial London Correspondent of the *New York Sun*. "About Mr. John Henry Mears, of New York, and his holiday," writes Mr. Grundy. "It is no 'syndicate' of newspapers, but the *Evening Sun*, of New York, that is sending him round the world. The lolling in bunks and on decks may be fine, but how would you like to be handed over in every place of call to a *Sun* correspondent who would delight in personally testing your powers of endurance?"

The Offer Holds
Good.

"How would you like to have been photographed," he continues, "alongside all the chief sights of London between 7.30 a.m. and 4.30 p.m., with only a rest-interval of from 1.30 to 2.45, and that occupied in two luncheons, one with a very hospitable Lord Mayor in the Mansion House, and the other in the House of Commons with Norton Griffiths, or 'Empire Jack'—who'd make you interview half-a-dozen Cabinet Ministers, the Leader of the Opposition, the Nationalists, and Mr. Keir Hardie in about twenty-five minutes?"

I can only repeat that, if Mr. John Henry Mears succeeds in putting a girdle round the earth in thirty-five days, I shall be quite willing, on behalf of *The Sketch*, the *New York Evening Sun*, or any other paper of first-rate repute, to make a serious attempt to complete the same journey in thirty-four days, interviewing the Kaiser, the Mikado, the President of the United States, and other notabilities on the way, and taking breakfast, lunch, tea, or dinner with as many *Sun* correspondents as possible. If Mr. Grundy wishes to keep rivals out of the field by frightening them off, he must draw a very much more dreadful picture than that. He himself has often tested my powers of endurance, and I have no fear of his colleagues.

Rapid Trains. A very interesting article, from the pen of Mr. Ward Price, appeared recently in the *Daily Mail* on the subject of the fastest train in the world. This article has drawn a reply from Mr. Basil Mercer, of the Railway Club, who is delighted to record the fact that many trains in England attain a higher rate of speed than the express between Paris and Calais, selected for eulogy by Mr. Ward Price! It seems that there are trains in this country which travel at the rate of eighty, ninety, and even one hundred miles an hour. "Our decadent land," Mr. Mercer concludes, "still leads in some things."

I suppose I am very stupid, but I really cannot see any reason for an outburst of patriotic fervour because we have trains that travel faster than the trains of other countries. Who wants to travel at the rate of ninety miles an hour in this small island? What is the purpose of it? What positive advantage to anybody is it to save, perhaps, one hour between the coast and London? Is it that every hour is of such enormous value to those who travel by railways? If that is so, why is it that the very people who alight

MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot")

from these trains waste the hour they have thus saved by chatting idly in the hall or bar of their hotel?

Our Comfortable Trains.

I can quite understand that there are occasions upon which the saving of an hour may make a great deal of difference to the traveller who has to keep an important appointment, or who has to catch a train or a boat to some other part of the world; but I maintain that these cases are very rare, and that they do not justify this mad rush through our pleasant little island, with the accompanying wear and tear to the nerves of the men in charge of the train, to the engines, to the rolling-stock, and, more often than not, to the nerves of the passengers.

But perhaps I shall be told that it is very irksome to sit in a train, and that passengers by railway trains insist, for this reason, that the journeys shall be as quick as possible. I shall reply that here is a very feeble reason for travelling in England at the rate of ninety miles an hour. Our longest journeys are very short compared with the journeys in most other countries, and our trains are, as a rule, so comfortable, and the meals to be obtained upon them so good, and the tracks so well laid, and the scenery to be viewed from the windows so delightful, that ninety-nine people out of a hundred positively enjoy a longish journey by rail, and would far rather spend that extra hour in the train than be swung from side to side of the corridor as they passed into the dining-car, and be compelled to tip their soup down the inside of their collars instead of placing it in the mouth provided for that purpose.

An Impertinent Lecture.

The same thing applies to motoring. A friend of mine, a day or two ago, very kindly took me for a ride in his new motor-car. We accomplished a circuit of some thirty-five miles, and he landed me at my door again within the hour.

"Well," he said, "and how do you like the car?"

"I like the car very much," I said; "but why do you drive so fast?"

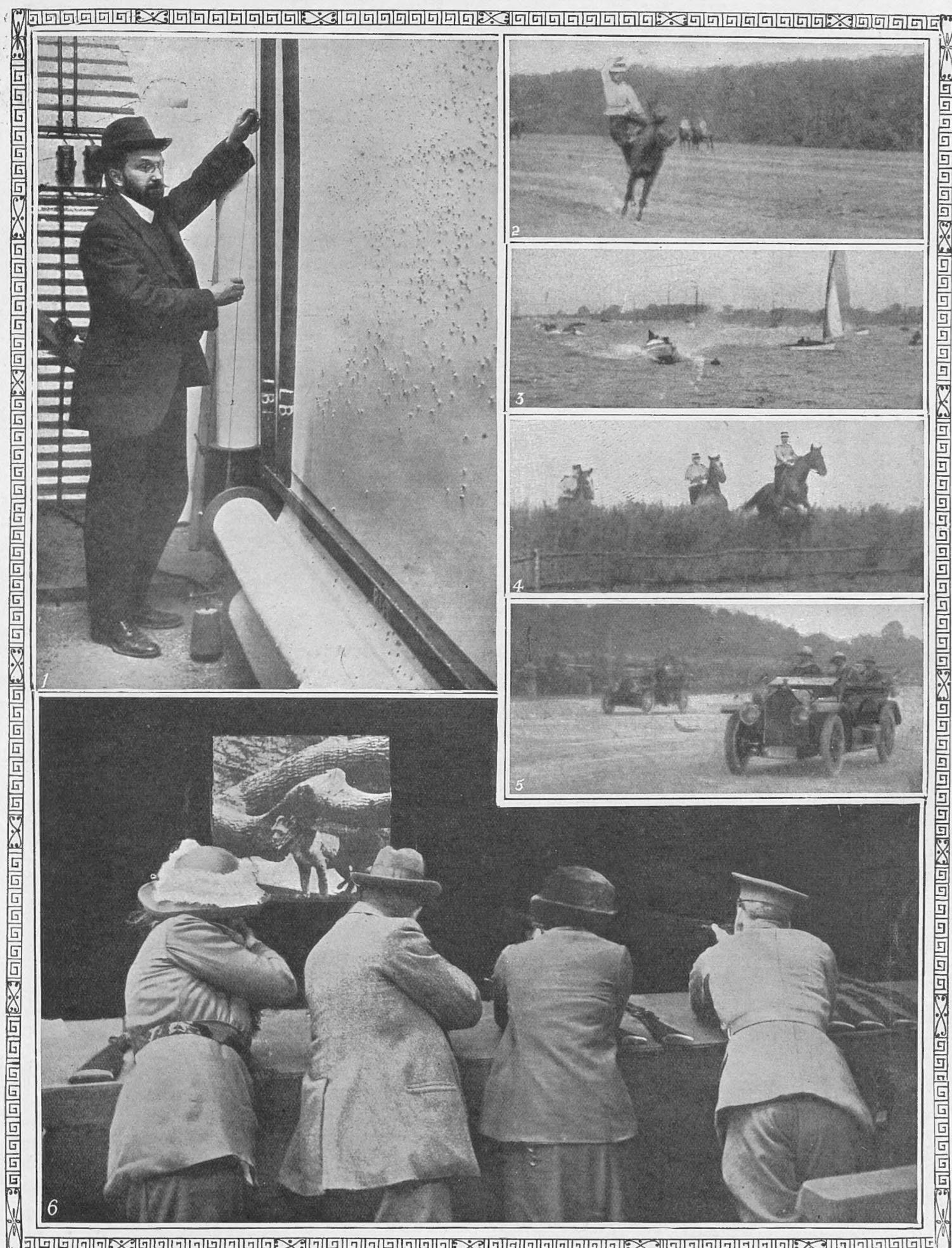
"Did I drive fast?"

"You know very well you did. We were travelling along fairly narrow roads with high hedges on both sides, so that it was often impossible for you to see what was round the corner. Rather than slacken speed, you swung round those corners at thirty-five miles an hour. I like your car immensely, and I can see that you are a very expert driver, but I freely admit that I should have enjoyed the run far more if you had kept to an average speed of about twenty-five miles an hour. I like going fast as much as anybody, but I prefer to do it when we have a straight road in front of us, and a road clear of dogs and foot-passengers."

The Speed Habit.

My friend went away rather saddened, for he has acquired the habit of speed, and this habit is as difficult to break as the drink habit—or any other habit. But I can assure you that it is a habit rather than a necessity, and that motorists catch it one from the other. If it is to continue unrestrained, then all the main roads should be straightened at whatever expense, and all the hedges should be cut down to the smallest possible limits, no matter at what cost to the appearance of the countryside.

MAN-SHOOTING—ON THE FILM: MOVING PICTURES AS TARGETS.



1. BEHIND THE SCENES: SHEETS OF PAPER THAT MOVE BEHIND THE SCREEN AND COVER UP THE "HOLES OF LIGHT" MADE BY SHOTS.

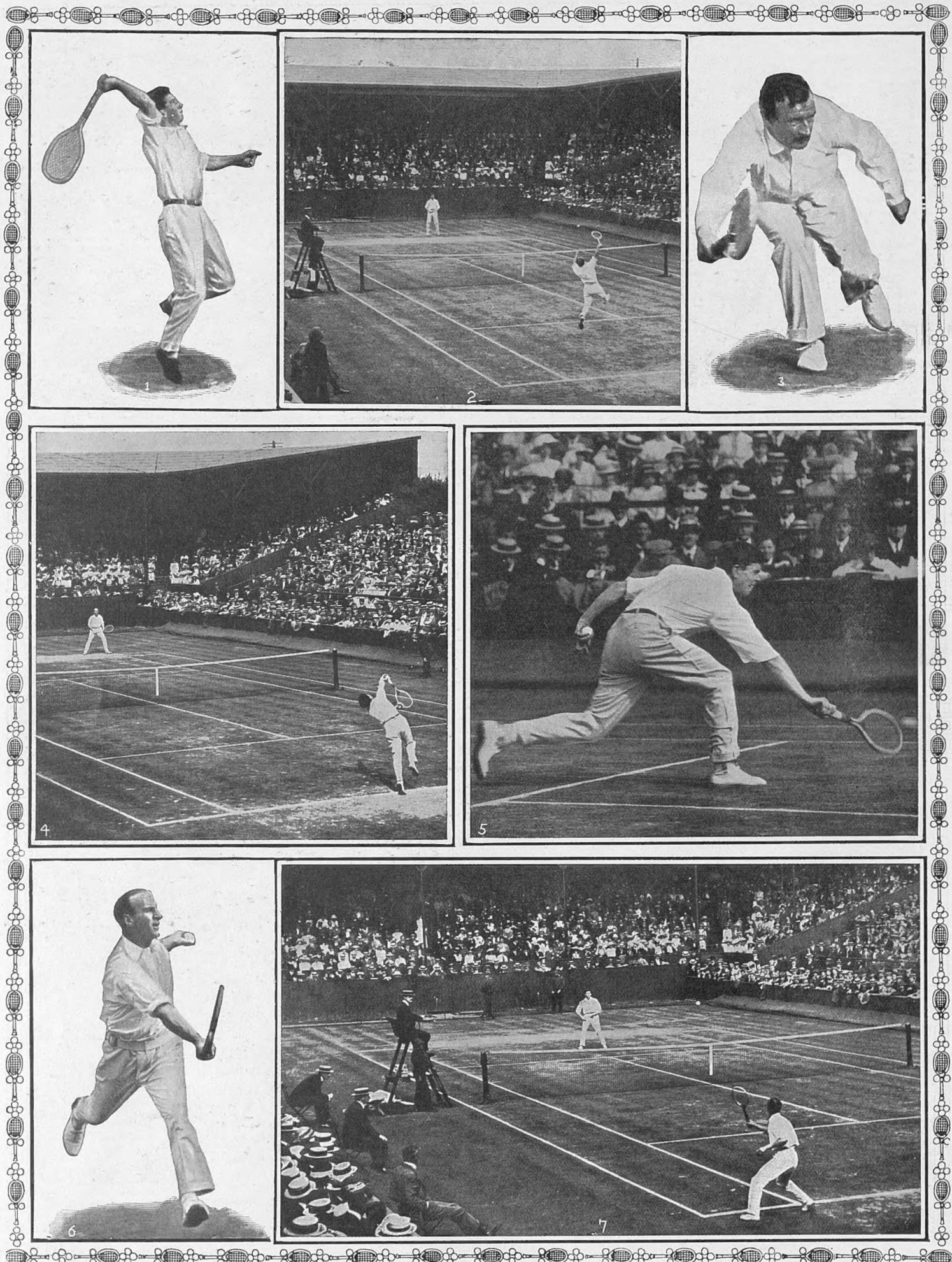
6. BIG-GAME SHOOTING ON THE CINEMATOGRAPH: HOME PRACTICE FOR SPORT IN THE JUNGLE OR THE BUSH.

Big-game shooting, and even man-shooting, can now be enjoyed by means of the "living targets" provided by the cinematograph. "Every time you fire," says an official description, "the picture stops for a second or so, and the passage of the bullet through it is shown by a hole of light; then the picture starts to move again. The report of the rifle is caught by microphones suspended above the target, and the sound is conveyed to the cabin in which the picture-operator works, actuating a relay instrument, which is connected with the picture-machine and momentarily checks the passage

2, 3, 4, and 5. FOR PRACTICE IN BLOODLESS HOMICIDE—ANYTHING FROM A YACHTSMAN TO A MOTORIST: EXAMPLES OF HUMAN TARGETS.

of the film. The disappearance of the shot-holes in the screen is caused by a kind of triple screen. Behind the forward one on which the pictures are thrown are two others, consisting of rolls of white paper, one moving a fraction vertically, and the other a fraction horizontally after each shot. The shot goes through all three screens, but when the two moving ones alter position they, of course, cover up any hole made, as no two holes synchronise on the series of three screens. You can shoot sea-gulls, wild tigers, otters, kangaroos; in fact, anything which the film can 'catch.'"

UNION JACK v. STARS AND STRIPES: TWO GREAT SINGLES.



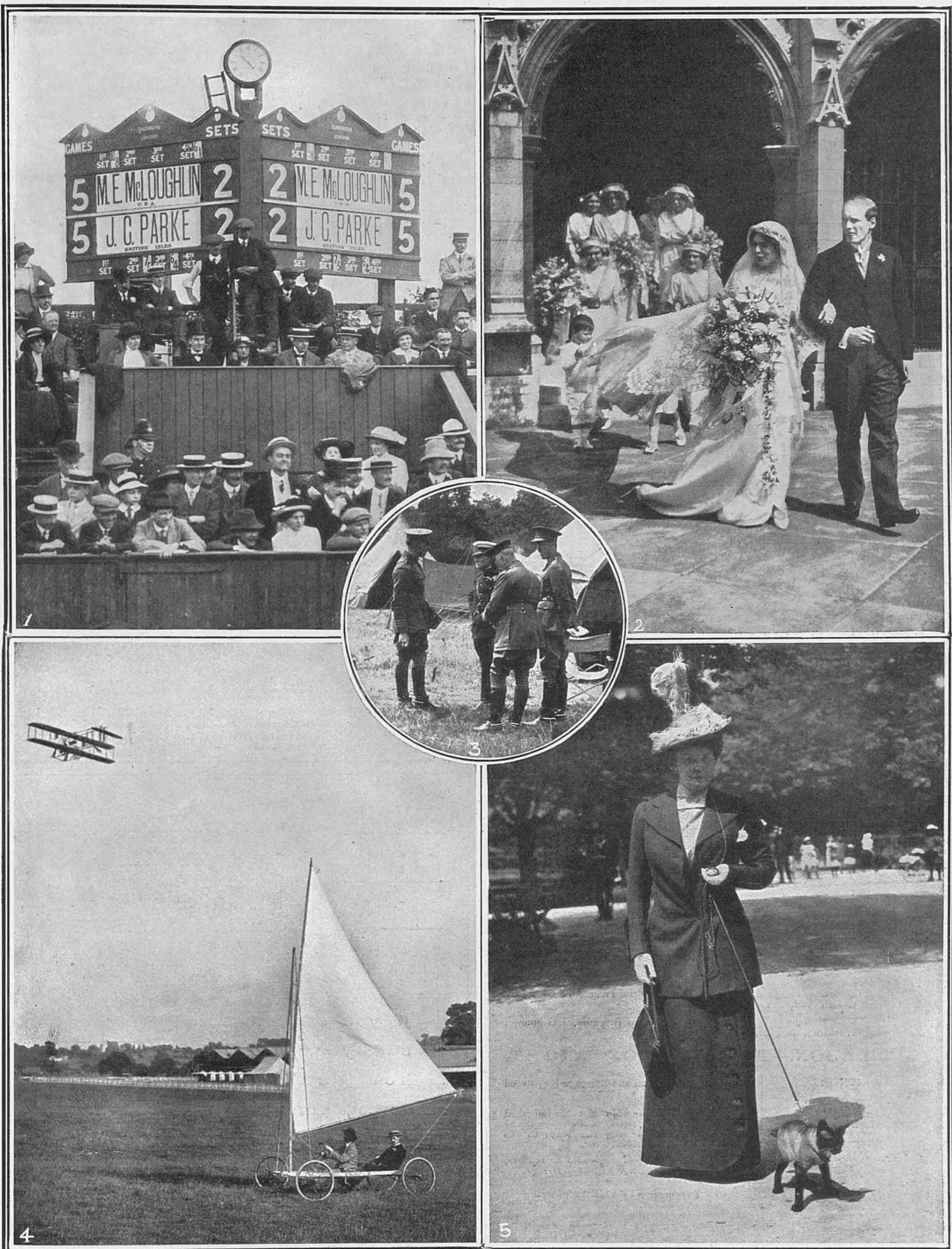
1. THE AMERICAN VICTOR: WILLIAMS "SMASHING" A BALL.
2. THE BRITISH VICTOR: PARKE JUMPS TO "KILL" A BALL.
3. THE BRITISH LOSER: DIXON CATCHING A CROSS-COURT SHOT.
4. THE "CANNON-BALL" SERVER: McLOUGHLIN'S ACTION.

Two out of the five matches between the British and American lawn-tennis players for the Davis Cup were played at Wimbledon on Friday—that is, the Singles between Mr. J. C. Parke (British Isles) and Mr. M. E. McLoughlin (U.S.A.), and between Mr. R. N. Williams (U.S.A.) and Mr. C. P. Dixon (British Isles). Two great matches were seen, resulting in one British victory and one American. Mr. Parke beat

5. A JOINT IN McLOUGHLIN'S ARMOUR: HIS BACK-HANDED STROKE.
6. RUNNING TO TAKE A RETURN: PARKE PLAYING M. LOUGHLIN.
7. THE "CANNON-BALL" SERVE NO LONGER UNPLAYABLE: PARKE MAKES A SUCCESSFUL RETURN.

Mr. McLoughlin by 3 sets to 2, and Mr. Williams beat Mr. Dixon with the same score. In each case the last set was won at 7-5. One of the great features of the play was Mr. Parke's success in taking Mr. McLoughlin's famous "cannon-ball" service, which in the previous championship match he had found practically unplayable. This service is well shown in Photograph No. 4, the ball in the air.

IN AND OUT OF TOWN: CAMERA GOSSIP OF THE DAY.



1. REMARKABLE FIGURES: THE SCORING-BOARD WHICH MADE THE SCORE EASILY FOLLOWED IN THE GREAT GAME BETWEEN PARKE AND MCLOUGHLIN.

3. WITH OFFICERS OF HIS SON-IN-LAW'S BATTERY, WHICH HE INSPECTED: LORD ROBERTS (THE SECOND FROM LEFT) AT ALDERSHOT.

4. SUITABLE FOR COW(E)S: YACHTING ON THE GRASS IN AN AEROPLAQUE AT HENDON.

At one stage of the match between Mr. J. C. Parke (British Isles) and Mr. M. E. McLoughlin (U.S.A.) at Wimbledon on Friday, in one of the Singles for the Davis Cup, the scoring-board showed remarkable figures—namely, 2 sets and 5 games all. Mr. Parke won by 3 sets to 2.—The wedding of the Hon. Alexander Shaw, only son of Lord and Lady Shaw, of Dunfermline, and the Hon. Margaret Mackay, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Inchcape, took place on July 24 at St. Margaret's,

2. THE WEDDING OF THE HON. ALEXANDER SHAW AND THE HON. MARGARET MACKAY: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGLROOM LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER.

5. A NEW FASHION IN PETS: BARONESS DE EPSTEIN TAKING HER CAT FOR A WALK.

Westminster.—On July 25 Lord Roberts reviewed the 142nd Battery of the Royal Field Artillery, commanded by his son-in-law, Major H. F. E. Lewin.—For the first time, it is said, in this country, was seen the other day at Hendon an "aeroplaque," for sailing on land. Several have been brought over from France by Messrs. Blériot, whose manager is seen at the wheel.—Baroness de Epstein attracted much attention the other day in Regent's Park, where she was seen out for a walk with a pet cat on a lead.

GAIETY THEATRE. — Manager, Mr. George Edwards. EVERY EVENING at 8.15, Mr. George Edwards' New Production, THE GIRL ON THE FILM. A Musical Farce. Box-office (J. H. Jubb) 10 to 10.

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TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

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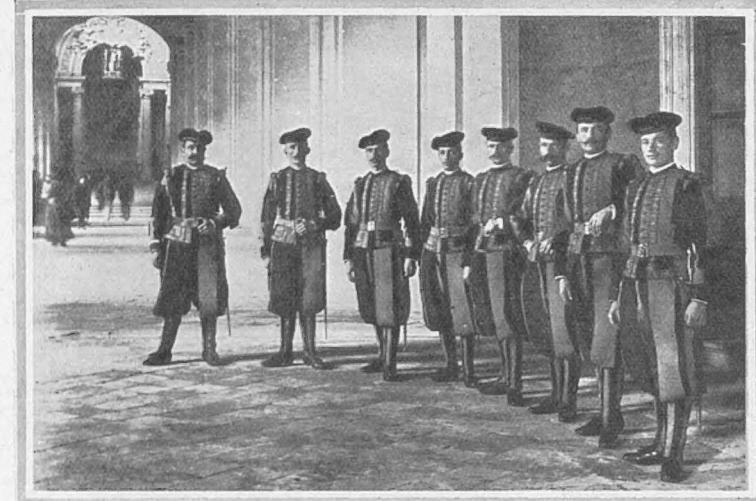


THE ORDER OF THE BATH : PAPAL SWISS GUARDS ON STRIKE : THE ROYAL HANDY-MAN.

The "Most Honourable" Order.

The Order of the Bath has been very much in the minds and on the tongues of all men lately, owing to the return of the Chapel of King Henry VII., in Westminster Abbey, to its purpose as the Chapel of the Order, and the King's presence at the ceremony. It is, perhaps, unfortunate that the record of the establishment of such an Order by Henry IV. at his Coronation does not bear the scrutiny of historians, for those Knights of the Bath—picturesque

one passes in the great forecourt of the cathedral. Four hundred years ago, when Pope Julius II. raised the Swiss Guard, the Swiss were considered the most faithful and the most trustworthy soldiers in Europe; and more than one Sovereign who has not been willing to trust his life to the guardianship of his own soldiers has felt safe with a corps of the gallant Swiss as his bodyguard. When Marie Antoinette and the King her husband were captured by the revolutionaries, it was a corps of Swiss who fought to the last to save them from falling into the hands of their own people, and every man of this bodyguard died sooner than surrender.



OBJECTORS TO ROOF-FIRING PRACTICE : MEN OF THE POPE'S SWISS GUARD, SOME OF WHOSE MEMBERS MUTINIED BECAUSE THEY CONSIDERED DRILL AN UNNECESSARY ITEM OF MILITARY SERVICE.

Some of the Swiss Guard at the Vatican recently mutinied on various grievances. Among other things, they objected to bayonet-drill and to climbing on the roofs to practise repelling imaginary foes, as well as to gymnastics and target-shooting. These they considered "useless" exercises. Three of the ringleaders were dismissed, and twelve others were allowed to resign. The Pope's Swiss Guard was formed in 1506, and the uniform (in red, yellow, and black) was designed (tradition says) by Michael Angelo.—[Photo, Underwood and Underwood.]

gentlemen who were obliged to bathe before receiving knighthood (and a bath in the time of Henry IV. was by no means an everyday occurrence)—were merely Knights Bachelors, who received their knighthood on great occasions and who were knighted with elaborate ceremonial. King George I., in 1725, established the Order, which was then quite a small one in numbers, for there were only thirty-six Knights Companions. In 1815, at the close of the Napoleonic wars, the Order was reorganised in three classes—for distinguished sailors and soldiers, and Princes of the royal blood, also eminent foreign Sovereigns and Princes. Then in 1847 the Civil side of the Order was added. The Order is strictly limited in numbers, there being fifty-five Military and twenty-seven Civil Knights Grand Cross, and, of course, great numbers of Knights Commanders and Companions. The Cross of the Order has eight points, and there are three crowns in the centre of the stars and crosses; the ribbon is crimson. It is the highest Order to which any Commoner can hope to attain, and every young officer who joins the Navy or the Army or the Civil Service may hope before he dies to become a G.C.B.

If the Pope's Swiss Guard are disbanded

owing to their mutiny, it will remove a touch of mediæval splendour and bright colour that has always delighted visitors to the Vatican or to St. Peter's, for there have been always one or two of the Swiss soldiers, in their mediæval garb of yellow and red, to be seen on guard at the Vatican entrance

The Guardia Nobile.

The Swiss Bodyguard of the Pope has had its share of fighting, for they and the Papal Zouaves, when the French ceased to garrison Rome, were the backbone of the force which tried to prevent the King of Italy and Garibaldi from entering the Imperial city. The corps was never more than three hundred strong, and now it only numbers one hundred—the strength of a company of infantry—its duties being to find guards at the gates of the Vatican and to act, when necessary, as escort to the Pope. It very much corresponds both in garb and duties to our Yeomen-of-the-Guard, just as the Guardia Nobile of the Pope corresponds in some ways to our Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms. The Pope's "nearest guard," however, consists of young noblemen who have still their spurs to win; whereas the King's personal guard is of retired officers of the Navy and Army, all of whom wear decorations gained on active service. The mutiny of the Pope's Guard was caused by their newly appointed Colonel insisting on his men being efficient in drill and on the going through a course of gymnastics—a case, it would seem, of *trop de zèle*. There is a body of Pontifical gendarmerie, who act as police in the Pope's dominions, which consist of St. Peter's, the Vatican and its grounds, and a castle in the Alban hills; and if the Swiss are to be permanently disbanded, no doubt the gendarmerie will be increased in number and will take their places.

Prince Arthur as Viceroy.

It seems likely that Prince Arthur of Connaught, after his marriage, will be appointed to some of the greatest positions it is in the power of the Sovereign and his Ministers to allot. A Royal Viceroy bearing the title of an Irish province would in Dublin Castle be eminently in the right place, and such an appointment would delight the emotional Irish immensely. It is not unlikely that Prince Arthur may succeed his father as Viceroy in Canada; and the Duke of Connaught, when he commanded the forces in the Presidency of Bombay, proved that the life of a Royal Duke is as safe in India as in any other part of the



THE STRAND'S WILD-FLOWER GARDEN THREATENED BY A DOMINION'S SCHEME : THE SELF-PLANTED PLEASAUNCE IN ALDWYCH, RICH IN PURPLE WILLOW HERB, COLTSFOOT, POPPIES, DANDELIONS, AND YELLOW HAWKSFOOT.

The wild-flower garden of Aldwych may soon be a thing of the past, for on the site Lord Grey hopes to build Dominion House, to form a permanent exhibition of Australian products. During the years the site has been vacant luxuriant vegetation has sprung up, and has formed a happy hunting-ground for vendors of groundsel and children in search of wild flowers.

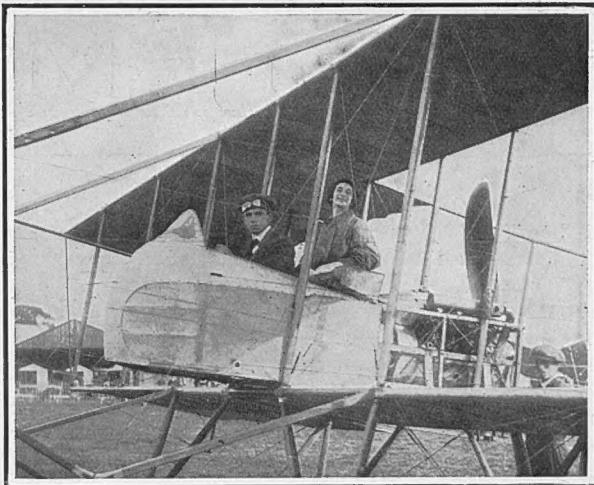
Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.

British dominions. Prince Arthur has, as a bachelor, been the handyman of the royal family, and has gone, almost at a moment's notice, on journeys to the Far East to represent the King; but after his marriage he will not be asked so often to travel so far.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



EARL GREY—FOR WISHING TO CONCENTRATE THE DOMINION OFFICES.



MME. PAVLOVA—FOR BEING MORE LIGHTLY POISED THAN EVER.



MR. JUSTICE DARLING—FOR JUDGING THE "MONKEY" SEAT IN RACING.

Earl Grey is the moving spirit of a scheme whose object is to house all the Dominion offices in London in one great building, in Adwych, which should form a worthy symbol of Imperialism in the eyes of Londoners, contain a permanent exhibition of the products of the Empire, and be a great centre of commercial and social intercourse.—Mme. Anna Pavlova, the famous Russian dancer, the other day went for an aeroplane flight at Hendon as a passenger with Mr. Louis Noel.—During the Turf libel case Mr. Justice Darling asked Mr. Richard Dawson whether the fact that "jockeys were riding rather like monkeys" had caused an increase of foul riding. Mr. Dawson said it might. The jury added a "rider" to their verdict, calling attention to the Judge's remarks on riding with short stirrup-leathers.

Photographs by Topley, A. G. Cooke, and Whitlock.



MISS A. D. GILL—FOR BEING CHAMPION LADY MINIATURE RIFLE-SHOT OF THE WORLD.



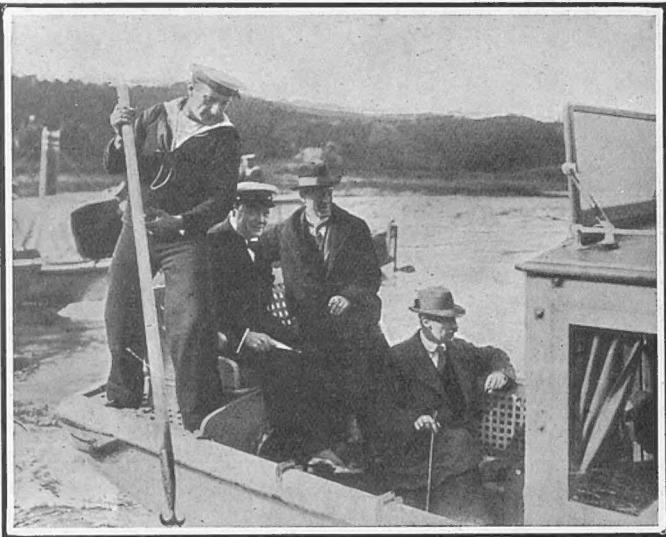
MRS. LLOYD GEORGE—FOR BEING "THE BRAVE LITTLE WOMAN" WHO IS MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S WIFE



MRS. HARDEE—FOR FACING TRIALS ON A MOTOR-CYCLE, THOUGH A WOMAN.

Miss A. D. Gill won the miniature rifle-shooting competition at Bisley, and was officially declared champion lady miniature rifle-shot of the world.—Mrs. Lloyd George was presented at a dinner given in her honour at the Trocadero with a portrait of her husband. Mr. Lloyd George wrote that he appreciated their kindness in presenting to "the brave little woman who is my wife this portrait of the troublesome person she has stood by through good and evil report."—Among the 106 competitors for the Scottish Open Reliability Trials for motor-cycles there were three ladies—Mrs. Hardee, Mrs. Baxter, and Miss Hammett.

Photographs by L.N.A., Thomson, and Topical.



MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL AND COLONEL SEELY—FOR BEING THE PERFECT COMBINATION IN THE NAVAL MANOEUVRES.



LORD MULGRAVE—FOR STARTING VERY EARLY IN LIFE AS A BAZAAR-OPENER.

The Earl of Mulgrave, the baby son and heir of the Marquess of Normanby, has begun early to fulfil the social duties of his high position. The other day he opened a charity fete and bazaar at Mulgrave Castle, near Whitby, by pressing a bell. During the ceremony he was held in his mother's arms.—Above we give an interesting photograph of the two heads of the defence departments of this country—Mr. Winston Churchill (First Lord of the Admiralty), and Colonel Seely (Secretary of State for War). The photograph shows them leaving Queensferry, Dalmeny, for the Admiralty yacht "Enchantress."—[Photographs by C.N. and Topical.]

WHERE WE DON'T AGREE WITH BOB SIEVIER.



CERTAINLY WORTHY OF A STAINED-GLASS WINDOW, EVEN IF NOT A STAINED-GLASS WINDOW JOURNALIST: MR. BOB SIEVIER, WHOSE SPIRITED DEFENCE OF HIMSELF PROVIDED US ALL WITH MOST INTERESTING READING.

In the peroration of his speech to the jury in the Turf libel case, Mr. Robert Sievier said: "I have tried not to do my duty in an angelic or white-winged way. I am no stained-glass window journalist." Mr. Marshall Hall, in his speech on behalf of the "Winning Post" (Ltd.), remarked that Mr. Sievier had said that he was not a stained-glass window journalist. He did not call a spade a spade—he generally

called it "a —— shovel." Struck with the picturesqueness of Mr. Sievier's language, "The Sketch" thought it would be interesting to see how he would look in the stained-glass setting which he so modestly disclaimed. In the smaller lights appropriate symbolism will be found. The damages, it will be remembered, were assessed at one farthing. We have also heard something of the "monkey" seat.

Photograph specially taken for "The Sketch" by Bassano; Setting by "The Sketch."



THE IMPERIAL SERVICES EXHIBITION.

"Jack" and
"Tommy."

Our young Artist did not seem to be quite his bright and buoyant self when we met outside the Earl's Court Exhibition. The conduct of the Balkan people, to say nothing of Greece, has been rather inconsiderate towards those who have been preaching the virtues of war and its ennobling, virilising effects. However, he brightened up when we reached the first collection of appalling instruments of destruction, the advance in deadliness of which is supposed by some people to indicate the progress of civilisation. And really some of the monsters are quite fascinating. "You press the button and we do the rest"—so the modern ones seem to say. Press the button—bing, bang!—and some miles off will occur a combination of earthquake, thunderbolt, volcanic eruption, and lightning-flash killing and maiming enough people to earn a couple of columns of newspaper in days of peace, yet passing almost unnoticed as a trifle during the glorious times of war. The instrument that I liked most was ridiculously obsolete—a dear little muzzle-loading cannon from Oude, the top of which is formed of a finely moulded fish, beautifully worked. Sport lured us soon from our studies, so we went to have a bang at the torpedo-boats with a Hotchkiss 3-pounder in an establishment close by the interesting life-size model of the cruiser *Lion*, in which you can see how Jack lives. Rather thrilling is it to fire at the little rising and sinking black boats and use the swivelled Hotchkiss quick-firer. However, our young Artist, after winning a few hundred pounds from me by his superior shooting, declared that the life-cinema targets were far more exciting, and he dragged me along miles and miles of corridor, and past hundreds of fascinating maidens who kept imploring us to "stay and rest," and buy all sorts of things—tobacco or telescopes, scent or sporting-guns—or else to throw things at other things.

The Moving-
Picture Sport.

There is an air of carnage connected with the whole entertainment. Half the side-shows are forms of the classic old English sport of "Aunt Sally." By-the-bye, I wonder who Aunt Sally was? Has anybody ever written her biography? Perhaps, after all, she was only a "Mrs. Harris"—merely some horrible corruption of a term which has become *diabollement changé en route*. You can gratify the dormant human instinct for breaking china by shying balls at it—an instinct in even the most civilised of us, for I remember how, in

This to me seems too brutalising. The cinema shooting-range is quite jolly. With little Winchester repeaters you bang away at the rapidly moving cinema pictures of polo-players and ranchers, birds, aeroplanes, and many sorts of things. Whenever you fire the picture stops for a second and a hole is shown marking where your bullet hit. When I say *your* bullet, I should explain that, as five or six people fire at a time, and nearly all choose the same object—the easiest—your record depends more on your strength of lungs than accuracy of aim, so our young Artist won nothing from me at this game. Some of the things are fascinating to shoot at—such as the springboks, amazing in their jumps and darts. When I bring out that new golf-ball at minimum price with maximum qualities, which is to stagger the ring of makers, I think I will call it "the Springbok," to suggest that it is a real bounder. I don't think that anybody hit the springboks honestly, for, to use the Irishman's phrase: "They moved so quickly, they'd left before they arrived." However, even the purse of Fortunatus, or a newspaper-man, can't stand more than half-an-hour with a repeater at a penny a shot, and there were thousands of other things to be seen: shutes to be shot, aerial glides, and the ball-room!

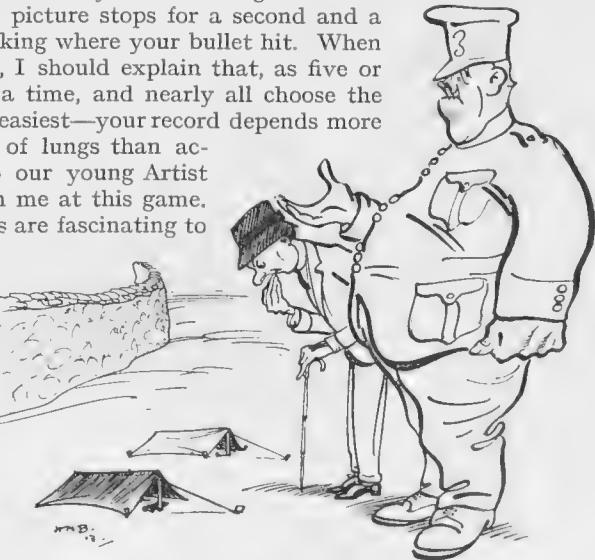
Oh, to be Dancing
with Thee!

Our Artist had as much difficulty in forcing me past the ball-room as the Saturday-

night wife in getting her man past the "pub." A fine band, heaps of space, a floor as smooth as the top of my head, and the people dancing excellently. And there were plenty of ladies here and there whom it seemed quite safe to invite without introduction. However, at last, by threatening to make a drawing of "Monocle"—recognisable for once—dancing with something frightfully flamboyant, he got me away. But really they were dancing well, and under favourable circumstances, and "if only I were young again—say, merely one-and-twenty"! However, we marched off to the *clou* of the Exhibition, the great spectacle in the Empress Hall, called "Naval and Aerial Warfare," passing on the way some interesting exhibits, notably the "old-time soldiers," and falling in love, in particular, with the pike-man. It must have been very disagreeable for the swagger cavalry to be invited to charge a sort of human *chevaux de frise* with spikes six yards long. If you want to get an idea of the spectacle of the "Naval and Aerial Warfare," just study the posters advertising the Exhibition: they are far more vivid than my efforts at description. One would have to be a war correspondent to give an account of the bombardment, and the naval fight, and the aeroplane attack, and the hydroplanes, and all the other dreadful contraptions a-banging and

a-blazing and a-smoking, contriving to give you a fair idea of Hell on a small scale and a feeling of thankfulness that, after all, you will be able to go home quietly by 'bus or Tube to your humble cot—"to sleep, perchance to dream"—of all sorts and conditions of destruction.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)



ON ACTIVE SERVICE—AT EARL'S COURT:
IN THE ENTRENCHED CAMP.

"Now here we have the sleeping-quarters, or bivouac, Sir—"
"But, surely—?"
"Oh, frequently, Sir! I remember one night at Tel-el-Kebir—"
(Sixpence at once changes hands.)

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



SKI-RUNNER-SNIPING IN THE ALPS—AT EARL'S COURT: IN THE LIFE-TARGET SHOOTING-RANGE.

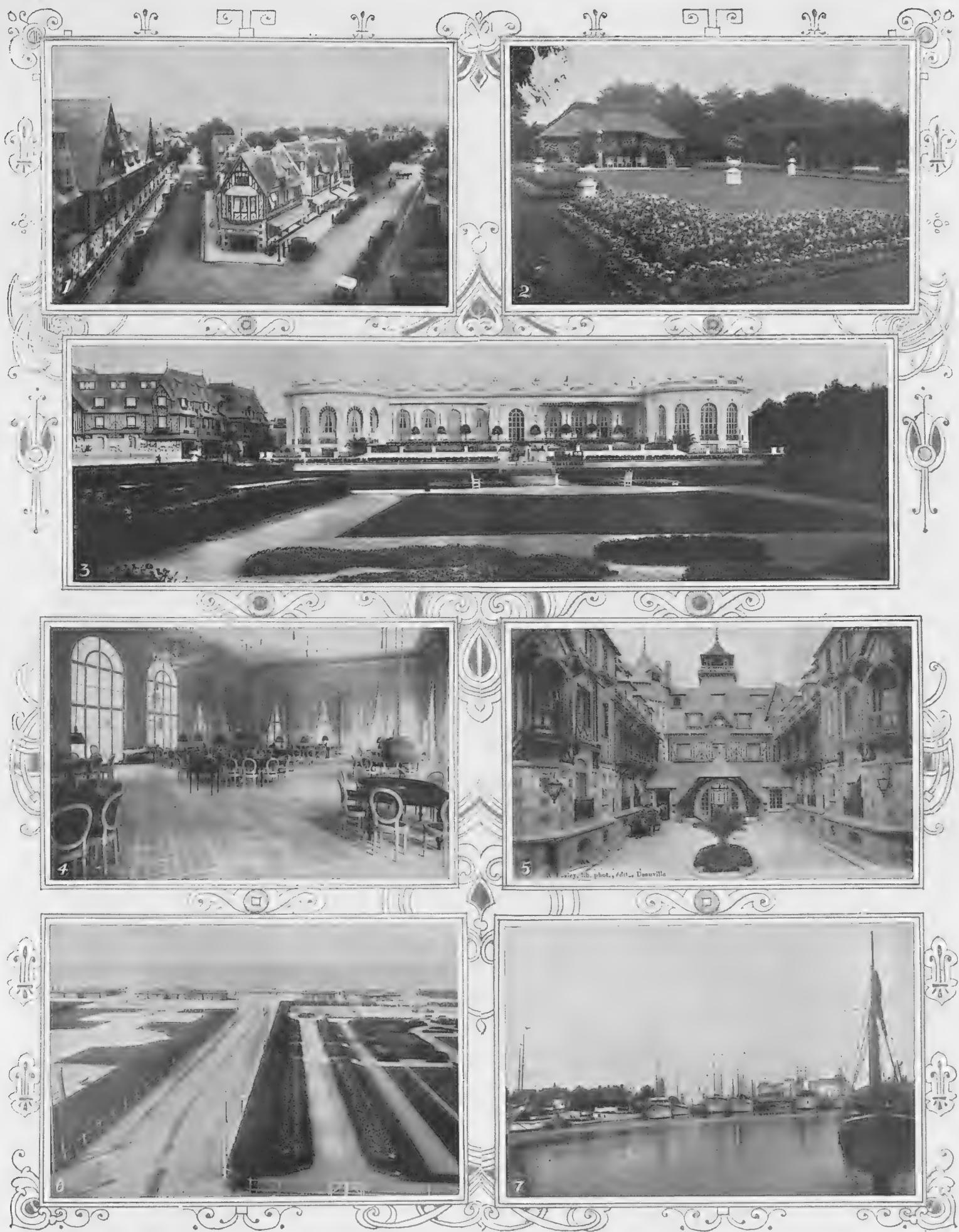
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

days gone by, Dudley Hardy and I used to gaze at the big china-shop at the corner of Oxford Street and Newman Street, and wish we were brave enough and rich enough to heave bricks at it. One thing I object to: the stall where there were real human Aunt Sallies, all alive and wincing, at which you could throw your ball.

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KEEPING THE JUBILEE OF THE FRENCH GOODWOOD: DEAUVILLE.



1. PICTURESQUE BUILDINGS AT DEAUVILLE: AT THE BACK OF THE HOTEL NORMANDY.

2. FORMERLY THE PROPERTY OF BARON D'ERLANGER: THE GARDENS OF THE NEW HOTEL ROYAL, DEAUVILLE.

3. ONE OF THE FINEST IN FRANCE: THE DEAUVILLE CASINO AND ITS GARDENS, A RESORT OF THE ÉLITE.

4. THE PRIDE OF THE DEAUVILLE CASINO: THE MAGNIFICENT BACCARAT-ROOMS.

Deauville, most fashionable of French sea-side resorts, has opened its season with brilliant prospects. The Race Meeting, called the "Goodwood of France," is of special interest this year, as it will be the fiftieth meeting. It begins on August 2 and lasts for three weeks. The prize-money amounts to close on a million francs—the Grand Prix itself, to be run on August 17, being worth £4000. There are important yearling sales at Cheri's establishment. Polo, golf, and lawn-tennis are also well provided for.

5. AS PICTURESQUE AS A MEDIÆVAL CHATEAU: THE ENTRANCE TO THE HOTEL NORMANDY.

6. EN PLEIN AIR AMUSEMENTS AT DEAUVILLE: THE GARDENS AND LAWN-TEENNIS COURTS, WITH BATHING-CABINS IN THE DISTANCE.

7. SURE TO BE FULL AS SOON AS COWES IS OVER; THE BASIN FOR PRIVATE YACHTS AT DEAUVILLE.

At the end of August there will be a big Aviation Meeting, held under the patronage of the Minister of Marine. In the opera at the Casino many of the best-known singers are to be heard during the next six weeks, including Mmes. Mary Garden and Selma Kurz, and MM. Chaliapine and Sammarco. In the ballet Mme. Kysht and Mme. Trouhanowa are among the principal stars; and for the Music Hall leading Parisian artistes have been engaged.—[Photographs by Basley.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIERS

THE Queen and Princess Mary are not going to visit Germany just at present, after all, so they will not have occasion to observe in Heidelberg the typical German countenance—the slashed and scarred countenance of the university or army man. But they saw enough on former visits, and have already extracted a pledge from Prince Albert not to go "duelling." The pledge, of



TO BE MARRIED TO-DAY: MISS GERTRUDE BAYFIELD AND MR. A. PRENDERGAST-ARNOLD.

Miss Gertrude (Truda) Bayfield, who is to be married to-day at Westminster Cathedral to Mr. A. Prendergast Arnold, is the second daughter of the Rev. Charles Bayfield, Vicar of Ambrosden, Bicester, Oxfordshire. Mr. A. Prendergast-Arnold is the eldest son of Mr. Bernard Arnold, J.P., of Milton Hall, Gravesend, Kent.—[Photographs by Kate Pragnell and Swaine.]

course, was half-humorously asked and given, and is unnecessary. Even if the Prince managed to escape the supervision of anxious tutors, he would experience some difficulty in finding an opponent with hardihood enough to accept a challenge. George V. got through his German schooling (an incident in his Majesty's career



"*The Spains.*" The Queen of Spain is again spending her holidays—"my holidays" is the phrase she insists upon—in the only way that really pleases her. Officially, she takes relaxation in Spain. The Summer Palace and the Spanish seaside have their own allotted place in her annual programme, but the Isle of Wight means real rest, not from the children—of whom she is never tired—but from the Court exactions that sometimes keep her from them. King Alfonso also makes one of his flying visits; he comes and goes almost before anybody in England or Madrid is aware of it. That does not mean that he would not be content to stay longer; it only means that he snatches a visit that would seem impossible to less adventurous monarchs, and does seem impossible to the punctilious officials responsible for the strict fulfilment of all his Majesty's State engagements.

Foundations! Lord and Lady Cadogan's dinner-party at Chelsea House included several friends who always tread the Cadogan territory with very envious admiration. When the great rural landowners come to town, and to dinner, they are seldom brought into contact with a town property and a town proprietor so directly as they are in Chelsea. "I've got a great tract of the best soil and timber in England, and can't make twopence; you've got a little marsh, and—and, give us this dinner out of it!" said a guest of the other night in desperation. Lord Cadogan, who himself saw to the reclaiming of much of the Chelsea estate, did not, however, allow that description of his corner of London to pass. "Not that, exactly," he said; "I am like the American lady who, when asked why she would not start her meal with soup, answered, 'I never build on a swamp.'"

Pupils of Pavlova. Lady Wenlock's guests fairly filled 50, Portland Place on Thursday. The house, having only lately come into her hands, was new to many of her friends—or new, at any rate, in its fresh dress of paint and paper. Lady Wenlock has, in a sense, done her own decorating, though not so energetically as Lady Norman, who mounts a pair of steps and attacks her walls in Westminster for herself. The only papering Lady Wenlock has attempted is of another sort; but nothing could be more effective than her water-colours of India and other places which now constitute the chief decoration of her spacious rooms. Miss Irene Lawley, who relieved her mother of most of the business of entertaining the other night, has been learning to dance—that is, to dance seriously. If Pavlova had to name her most promising pupil, she would hesitate between Miss Lawley and Lady Diana Manners.



TO MARRY MR. HAROLD NUTTING: MISS ENID MULOCK. Miss Enid Mulock, who is to be married shortly to Mr. Harold Stansmore Nutting, of the 17th Lancers, the eldest son of Sir John Gardiner Nutting, Bt., and Lady Nutting, is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mulock, of Ballycumber House, Kingstown, Ireland.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.



TO MARRY MISS ENID MULOCK: MR. HAROLD NUTTING, 17TH LANCERS.

Mr. Harold Stansmore Nutting, of the 17th Lancers, and for some time A.D.C. to the Governor-General of Australia, who is to be married shortly to Miss Enid Mulock, is the eldest son of Sir John Gardiner Nutting, Bt., and Lady Nutting.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.



TO MARRY CAPT. S. S. BUTLER: MISS PHYLLIS SALMONSON. Miss Phyllis Critchley Salmonson, who is to marry Captain S. S. Butler, is the only daughter of Captain and Mrs. C. Salmonson, of Ferndale, Chagford, Devon.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



ENGAGED TO A CELEBRATED AMERICAN POLO-PLAYER: MISS NANCY STEELE. Miss Nancy Steele is engaged to Mr. Devereux Milburn, one of the best-known members of the representative American team who played recently against England. She is the daughter of the late Mr. J. P. Morgan's partner.—[Photograph by Paul Thompson.]

generally forgotten) without a scar. It is easier to enjoy a combat at home than abroad. "Let them fight it out," said Edward VII. when he saw two Princes at fisticuffs behind a shrubbery at Balmoral; but there is nobody in Heidelberg with the same benevolent authority.

A SAISON RUSSE (i.e., SEASON'S RUSH) AT THE HIPPODROME.

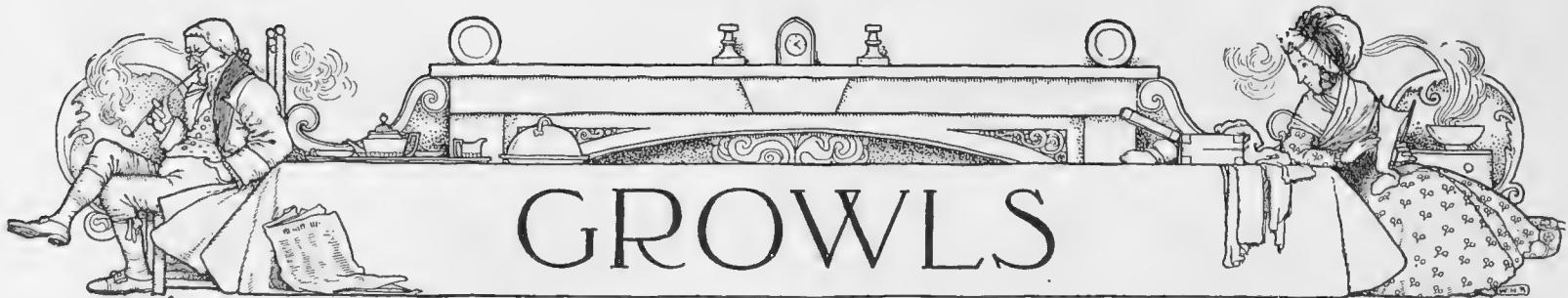


A CHANCE FOR A SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO PAVLOVA: M. ORIDKOFF MERSONOVA AND MME. HAVAFOLLOVA IN PAVLOVA AND NOVIKOFF'S FAMOUS DANCES.

1, 2, 4, AND 5. A PARODY OF THE "VALSE CAPRICK"; 3 AND 6. THE "BACCHANALE."

In the revue at the Hippodrome Messrs. Billy Merson and James Watts are giving a delightfully humorous skit on Russian dancing. They call themselves M. Oridkoff Mersonova and Mme. Havafollova, said to have been engaged at considerable expense "by arrangement with the Governor of Alexandrovski Prison," on their release from

that penitential institution. Mr. James Watts, it has been said, realises in his screaming parody of the "Danse du Printemps" the difference between rag-time and spring-time. In the former they "rag," and in the latter they "spring." The combination of the two is distinctly amusing.—[Photographs by Campbell-Gray.]



HORTICULTURE IN EXCELSIS : THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

IT has long been evident that a great wave of horticulture is sweeping over the country. People, and especially ladies, have been suddenly assailed by an absorbing love of flowers, and one is daily becoming more and more accustomed to hear them expatiated upon their pergolas in terms of endearment which used to be exclusively reserved for pet dogs, and to enthuse over herbaceous borders in language which would fall as balm upon the ears of a Poet Laureate. The sweet-pea has become a cult; to the elaboration of the rose whole lives are dedicated; and on the tables of exclusive drawing-rooms are to be found florists' catalogues, looking for all the world like wedding-presents. Worshippers find it difficult to force their way into the great flower-shows, and not to be something of an expert in matters floricultural is to-day to argue oneself unknown. All this is very pleasant to watch, and cannot fail in the long run to exercise a soothing and civilising influence over the future of the race. True beauty can but be enhanced by an environment of beauty, and a pretty woman can never look more pretty than when she is tending her flowers with a dexterous and loving hand (though I cannot bring myself to believe that the form of costume now in vogue lends itself in a marked degree to the practice of the ancient art of weeding); and at a period when we stand in some danger of becoming absorbed in the mechanical and the artificial, nothing but good can come of the growing devotion to the beauties of Nature. At the same time, it brings with it in its train certain features which are strongly to be deprecated, and to these I feel it my duty to draw attention.

The New Development.

So long as the new enthusiasts are content to deck their gardens with all that is most choice and beauteous in the flower-world, thereby making life more lovely for the looker-on, I have not a word of protest to utter; but, unfortunately, this passion does not end here. They must needs equip themselves with a verbiage which sets the teeth on edge, and express themselves in a jargon which jars upon the ear. For a Cockney, I am fairly well acquainted with both flora and fauna generally. I can discriminate between a phlox and a fuchsia, and even between a pansy and a viola; but I definitely decline at my time of life to set to work to master a crack-jaw lingo which, to my mind, is as unnecessary as it is unprepossessing. There was a beautiful old-world quaintness and simplicity about the names we once applied to our favourite flowers, but nowadays this artless nomenclature is made to give place to something which is neither English, Latin, Greek, nor good red herring. Quite recently,

while a charming hostess of mine was convoying me through the wonderments of her borders, I ventured to express my admiration of what, in my innocence, I described as daisies. "That is not a daisy, my good man," she said, in Arctic tones; "that is *Chrysanthemum maximum Robinsoni*." To hide my confusion I turned to a fluffy flower and spoke in glowing terms of my attachment to Columbines in general, and to this variety in particular; and the thermometer fell still further below zero as I was apprised that the real name of the plant was *Thalictrum Aquilegiaefolium*. To her the good old Snapdragon of my youth had become *Antirrhinum*, the sweetly named Rose of Sharon was *Hypericum Calycinum*, and, for all I know, London Pride had come to *Scallwaggia Recuperans*. Even wild flowers had come under the same drastic treatment, and if one wished to be understood one must refer to the Star of Bethlehem as *Ornithogalum Umbellatum*. The tinier the bloom the more portentous the appellation. I blush to think what she would have called Love in a Mist.

Going Too Far. Erudition is all very well in its way, and strenuousness of purpose is, as a rule, to be commended; but Nature surely never designed rosy lips for the production of these ponderous,

pretentious, and preposterous polysyllabics; and when one remembers that a lady's habitual treatment of Latin quantities is uncertain, coy, and hard to seize, one realises how undesirable the whole system is. Our floriculturists should be encouraged, but it should be impressed upon them that to be cacophonous is not necessarily to be clever. I am positive that if Shakespeare were alive amongst us to-day, he would feel impelled to withdraw the statement that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet when he saw frail and daintily tinted blossoms ticketed in catalogues with such loathsome designations as "Belle of Birmingham" and "Mrs. Caligula Q. Biffelheimer." I am equally certain that the bard who predicated of a certain individual that a primrose by the river's brim a yellow primrose was to him, and nothing more, would have considered it imperative to add that the simple-minded fellow would have shuddered in his shoes to hear the



MORE BECOMING THAN PYJAMAS AS A BATHING-COSTUME :
A MODERN MERMAID.

Photograph by Record Press.



BATHING IN PYJAMAS : THE FREE AND EASY LIFE AT SHOREHAM.

These photographs, taken at Bungalow Town, near Shoreham, show the free and easy life which the inhabitants are able to lead, untroubled either by the exigencies of fashion or the disagreeable necessity of work. We think with envy of these favoured ones when the sun blazes upon Fleet Street and the Strand.—[Photograph by Record Press.]

gentle, unassuming blossom in question alluded to as *Primula Vulgaris*. This is no personal grievance, but I feel that the rising generation should be rescued from this frightful phraseology, and that the flowers should be spared the indignities heaped upon them. We have our Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and Animals and for the Preservation of Monuments. Why not one for the Prevention of Verbal Outrage to Flowers?—MOSSTYN T. PIGOTT.

PEOPLE TO WHOM WE HOPE WE ARE ALTOGETHER SUPERIOR !



XXIV.—THE PEOPLE WHO REALLY DON'T MIND A BIT.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

FIVE O'CLOCK

FRIVOLITIES



ENGLISH AS SHE IS WRITTEN.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

If ever again I miss an appointment, or promise to keep too many on the same day, it will not be your fault, amiable readers. I have now enough calendars to last me a lifetime—or is that an Irish bull? Thank you, nice people; thank you also for the promised "blow-pipe," the album of tropical views, the batch of

American newspapers, and the promised "Log of a Skipper's Wife," which I will read with much interest, even if I cannot make it into a "new and brilliant



WELCOME WHEREVER THEY GO: MASTER RAYMOND GUEST AND MISS DIANA GUEST.

These are the latest portraits of two children of well known Society people, the second son and only daughter (aged six and four, respectively) of Captain the Hon. Frederick Edward Guest, M.P., formerly of the 1st Life Guards. Captain Guest has the South African War medal with five clasps, and is Treasurer of the Household to the King. [Photographs by Bassano.]



novel." Thank you for the theatre programme from Malay, the promised rough diamond from the Transvaal for little May, the different types of new turbine-ships, and the pink carnations. Who sent the latter, and how did he, or she (?) guess I had a sentimental penchant for pink carnations? Have I done anything to deserve so much kindness? It is very good of you to associate me with your different and particular interests. The "blow-pipe" fascinates me—can it be used on the moors instead of a gun?

I never knew so much geography as I have known since writing for *The Sketch*. At each letter I receive from distant and hitherto unknown parts (unknown to me), I rush to the terrestrial globe, and hunt up the wild places with laborious indexes. The theatre programme from Selangor is too good, I think, for my sole delectation, so I am sending it to the printer, and hope he will return it for my collection of curiosities—

TO-NIGHT

TO-NIGHT

— AT THE —
FAMOUS WAYANG INCHEH PUTEH.
The Renowned Indra Mahnikam Theatrical Coy.
OF THE F. M. S.

12 GOLD AWARDS 12
GRAND PROGRAMME

New and Novel. Lovely Good. Fine and Sensational. A Splendid Display of Music, Songs, Scenes and Costumes, &c.

— BY OUR OWN SMART —

ACTORS AND ACTRESSES

Please secure your seats as early as possible to avoid disappointment.

HAMLET: PRINCE OF DENMARK.
WILL STAGE

1. There was a king who was poisoned by his wife for she was making love with her brother in law.

2. The late king, became a ghost and the soldiers who

were taking charge of the grave informed Prince Hamlet the ghost told Prince Hamlet all the secret, and asked Hamlet to have his revenge.

3. Prince Hamlet disguised himself as a poor man and went to his lover Ophilius.

4. Ophilius did not make him out and she sent him away.

5. Prince Hamlet started a play, and showed to his uncle.

6. His uncle and his mother was so ashamed of this went home at once.

7. Prince Hamlet, at once started for his house and killed his uncle and mother, while he was aiming at his uncle. His Prince Minister happened to pass and he was shot dead instead of his uncle.

8. His uncle at once sent him to another country for school.

9. Ophilius got mad and threw herself in a river and dead.

10. Prince Hamlet returned in his country and had a sham fight with the son of the Prime Minister and all died.

Pretty long to mention: come and witness the delightful story.

PRICES AS USUAL.

After this, who can doubt the law of retribution? Shakespeare, who treated history with such a *désinvolte* if divine disdain—here is his pale lunatic sadly misunderstood! No wonder "Ophilius did not make him out." To call this sordid family wrangle "a delightful story" shows how perverse playgoers must be in Selangor! I saw "Hamlet" played once only, and that by Sarah Bernhardt when I was a child. There and then I fell violently in love with the dreamer fair. Since then I have lost patience with Hamlet, his feminine vacillations, his hesitations, his haste and his horrors, his frail body, and cloudy judgment. But that is because I am at a period of life when the strength, mental and physical, of the man of action counts most. No doubt, when I am forty, or "forty-and-a-bittock," I will call Hamlet "a nice boy," poor dear, and again love him. But, in truth, he is an execrable character. A puppy such as he, even if he be ten times a prince, should not dare judge anyone, least of all his mother. Then his conduct towards Ophelia was that of an ill-balanced boor. Then, again, consideration for the dead is all very well, but how much more do the living need it! I hope people will wait until I am dead to rob me and slander me and show their nastiness to me! Hamlet's duty was not to his dead father (who evidently had not been able to make her happy) but to his mother, who was full of life—also, apparently, of temperament. The fact that his uncle was a scoundrel may not have prevented him from being a delightful husband.

I would give much to see how the smart Selangor actors can make Hamlet a sympathetic figure and the play a delightful story.



MARRIED AGAIN ON JULY 19: MRS. J. L. MELVILL (FORMERLY MRS. GEORGE ARMSTRONG). Mrs. Melvill, before her first marriage (to Mr. George Armstrong) was Miss Ruby Otway, only child of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Jocelyn Otway. She was married at the Chapel Royal, Savoy, on Saturday, July 19, to Captain James Lister Melvill, late of the 5th Dragoon Guards, youngest son of the late Sir William and the Hon. Lady Melvill. Mr. George Armstrong, it will be remembered, is the son of Madame Melba.

Photograph by Bee Belton.

ANOTHER CASE FOR THE "TIMES."



LITTLE WILLIE (*unconsciously alluding to the "orgy of undressing" in feminine fashions*): You do look fine, Alys.
You look as if you was going to a ball.

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.



A REAL "ORGY OF UNDRESSING": THE REACTION AFTER THE REIGN OF TERROR.*

IT was suggested by the writer in the *Times* who denounced the present "orgy of undressing" in feminine fashions that it might be in some way traceable to the unstable political atmosphere created by the present Government. That there is a connection between fashion and the general ideas of a period is held by many. Thus Mr. Julius Price, the well-known artist, in his recent and very interesting book, "Dame Fashion"—a record of Paris and London modes from 1786 to 1912—begins by saying that "in every country and in all periods of time, the mind of woman has been strongly affected by the trend of events and by the ethical atmosphere of her own time, and, consciously or unconsciously, has formulated a record of history in her mode of dress."

Undressing and Over-dressing. Over-dressing and Over-dressing. have its disadvantages as well as undressing, and provoke as much adverse criticism and ridicule. Thus the elaborate extravagance of the fashions just before the French Revolution, with which Mr. Price opens his record, prompted a London humourist of the day to some verses on a modish maid, ending as follows—

Thus finished in taste while
on her I gaze,
I think I could take her
for life;
But I fear to undress her,
for out of her stays,
I shall find I had lost
half my wife.

The modern lover, at any rate, cannot put forward such a grievance: he runs no risk of being disappointed in the avoirdupois of his matrimonial bargain.

An Orgy of Dancing. For the last "orgy of undressing" we have to go back, apparently, to the reaction in Paris which followed the execution of Robespierre and the end of the Reign of Terror. It was then a real orgy, in comparison with which the application of the term to present-day fashions seems a wild exaggeration of metaphor. There was also an orgy of dancing; and though we have not to-day just emerged from a reign of terror, we do find a certain parallel with those times in the fact that the present "undressing" tendency is contemporary with a rage for the terpsichorean art in new and fantastic forms. How dancing and undressing were associated in Paris in the summer of 1794, after the reaction of the Ninth Thermidor (July 27), is shown in a quotation given by Mr. Price from Edmond and Jules de Goncourt's "Histoire de la Société Française Pendant la Directoire": "The multitude rushes for the balls. It lives for the present, shaking off memory, abandoning hope: it intoxicates itself with noise, lights, shimmering gauze, hot odours, exposed bosoms, suggestions of legs, glances, nakedness, and the voluptuousness of the senses. Terpsichore suffices to console them in their grief, all

these Frenchmen, all these young Armagnacs, drenched with the blood of the scaffolds where their fathers perished."

"BALS À LA VICTIME."

High and low, aristocrat and workman, gave themselves up to this Bacchanalian frenzy. "Where the best people danced, where the beautiful Mme. Hamelin would most frequently exhibit her Creole charms in unblushing semi-nudity, was at the Hotel Longueville. . . . Three hundred perfumed and ethereal women, in indecent 'Vénus déshabille,' 'showing all they ought not to show,' as the de Goncourts put it quaintly, 'dainty legs, roguish feet, elegant bodices, wandering hands, bosoms d'Armide, and forms of Callipyge.' The orgy of dancing reached its climax in the *bals à la victime*, to which only those could gain the *entrée* who had lost father or mother, wife or brother or sister, by the knife of the guillotine. Instead of mourning their loss in the usual manner, the survivors commemorated the death of their loved ones by indulging in these extraordinary festivities.



CONTAINING "ALL THE HEAVENS AND HELLS": "THE WHEEL OF THINGS"—
A COMBINED "INFERNO" AND "PARADISO" FROM THIBET.

In his "Across India with Kim" ("The World's Work," December 1912), Mr. Edgar Allen Forbes describes his great find on the Thibetan border. "I found also, by the rarest stroke of luck, the Great Wheel with its six spokes, whose centre is the conjoined hog, snake, and dove (ignorance, anger, and lust), and whose compartments are all the Heavens and Hells and all the chances of Human Life."—[Photograph by Doubleday Page Syndicate.]

undressing," the two queens of beauty and fashion were Mme. Hamelin and Mme. Tallien. On one occasion, "when Mme. Hamelin, during the agitation against clothing the figure, was the first to adopt the new mode, and to appear as an undraped statue, Mme. Tallien burst into sight one evening garbed only in a transparent veiling, with her throat and bosom encircled with a rivière of diamonds, which scintillated with a thousand flames at every movement of her exquisite body."

Dame Fashion's Archives.

It must not be supposed that Mr. Price's book deals only with this particular phase of fashion which is in evidence at the moment. He traces its evolution year by year down to 1912, and that of the social life which accompanied it. In the illustrations every year is represented by one or more contemporary plates in colour. The volume thus forms a most useful record for those interested in the subject.

NOISETTES (OR NUTESSES).



THE PENSIVE MAIDEN IN THE MIDDLE: Talk about fascination! 'Is first words on being introduced were—
" You 'aven't 'arf got dreamy eyes!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.



MOHAMMED AND THE RUBY.

By MAJOR F. A. SYMONS.

BETWEEN Mohammed Ghur and Eliza, the ayah, there existed a feud which might almost be regarded as hereditary. As the head servant of the Assistant-Commissioner, Mohammed ruled his master's establishment with an eye that missed nothing. Paternal in his attitude, but fully alive to the advantages of a power which enabled him to demand *backsheesh* from one and all of his master's retainers there was but one obstacle to his unalloyed greatness. That obstacle was the ayah.

It is true that Eliza had little direct influence with the other servants. During the long day, however, when the sahib was absent at his office, the memsahib ruled. Then it was that Eliza, with feline cunning, had her chances. And she did not fail to use them to the full. Half-a-dozen times in the morning would she rush forth from the nursery and issue an order in a voice of authority. Half of such orders emanated, as the Bearer knew full well, from the woman's own intriguing mind. And yet, to disobey might very easily lead him into trouble.

Dozing in the heat of noonday on the back verandah over a well-thumbed copy of the Koran, Mohammed's brain had lately become accustomed to scheme automatically. To concoct some plan whereby the perfidious ayah could be routed, red-handed, occupied his thoughts, sleeping and waking.

Now Mohammed, according to his own estimate, was a very holy man. With his ancient horn-rimmed spectacles on his nose, he had read the Koran from cover to cover many times. As an assiduous follower of the Prophet, he despised all women more or less. And when a woman, in spite of belonging to his own race, professed, for her own purposes, to believe the Christian faith, and answered to such an uneuphonious name as "Eliza," he was filled with disgust.

The one ray of comfort piercing the gloom of his position came from the next-door bungalow. A contemplation of the troubles of others is a well-known sedative to one's own. That the next-door ayah was even a more poisonous specimen of her class than Eliza was a recognised fact. Did not Mohammed's friend Abdul, next-door, openly testify to that effect?

It was on a particularly hot morning, just before the break of the rains. About noon, when those who are able retire to sleep, Mohammed Ghur meditatively folded his spectacles, rearranged his turban, slowly slid one foot after the other into a slipper, and sauntered into the next compound. If he and Abdul between them were unable to defeat the machinations of a couple of ayahs life would be a blank indeed.

An hour later the Bearer returned to his accustomed retreat on the back verandah. There was a smile within his astute old eyes, and now and again he chuckled softly into his beard.

The horizontal rays of the afternoon sun had already begun to penetrate the creeper-clad trellis-work of the verandah. The gardener, with his water-tins, made his appearance amongst his maidenhair-fern and croton pots. The syces in the stable were watering their horses, and putting the finishing touches to the cleanliness of the harness.

Suddenly the head of Eliza shot forth from the nursery window, her strident voice announcing that the memsahib's tea was to be prepared at once.

Mohammed and the khitmaghār presently bestirred themselves. In the methodical manner of old service, the latter laid the tea in the drawing-room and lit the spirit-lamp. The heated atmosphere was growing cooler every moment. The sun, as it neared the horizon of the purple hills, seemed to sink with increased velocity. A smell of damp earth, occasioned by the gardener's watering, permeated the

air, and from the open garden there drifted upon the evening zephyr the languorous fragrance of frangipani.

The memsahib, arrayed in some soft diaphanous muslin, languidly drank her tea. A smart victoria, drawn by a pair of chestnut cobs, drew up beneath the portico.

A few minutes later Mohammed, smiling enigmatically, watched the carriage depart *en route* for the gymkhana ground. For the next two hours at least the bungalow would be left entirely to the devices of the servants.

That night the household was steeped in its usual peace. In fact, had the memsahib not taken it into her head to clean her jewels next morning, it might have remained in that state of blissful ignorance for several days.

Be that as it may, it is certain that by ten o'clock the next morning the whole compound was in a whirl of trouble.

To put the whole of the varied evidence into a nutshell, it is sufficient to state that, between the hour of departure of the lady of the house for the gymkhana and the next day's tiffin hour, a valuable ruby ring had disappeared from the lady's jewel-box.

Searching proved fruitless. After hours of wasted energy on the part of all the indoor servants, one conclusion only could be drawn. The ring had undoubtedly been stolen.

With painful rapidity the servants' quarters were placed under police surveillance. The terror-stricken natives feared they knew not what. Mohammed Ghur alone amidst the throng gave his evidence calmly, and with his customary dignity he assisted the police-inspector in his duties.

At length the police, their duties finished for the time, departed for their food. Then it was that Mohammed, respectfully salaaming, craved speech of the memsahib.

"I am," said he, "as the memsahib knows, a holy man. With much prayer have I asked God to tell me who stole the ring."

"Well?" inquired the memsahib irritably.

The old Bearer, his head bent and eyes upon the floor, stood for a few moments in silent thought. Then he raised his hands piously to his chest, and his eyes rolled heavenwards.

"God says that ayah stole the ring," announced he solemnly.

"Oh?" queried the memsahib.

"Yes, memsahib; it is truly as I have said. Thy humble servant prayed long, waiting for an answer. The reply came even as I have said. And then I took counsel with Gunter Sahib's bearer, Abdul, whom the memsahib knows to be a good man. He says that yesterday, as he was smoking his pipe in the cool of the evening, he did see Gunter Sahib's ayah and Eliza ayah whispering here on this verandah. And then he noticed something quickly handed to Gunter Sahib's ayah, which he is sure was a gold ring."

At that moment Eliza—who, as usual, had been eavesdropping—rushed forth from the bungalow, and, throwing herself at the feet of her mistress, burst into shrill weeping and angry denials.

Mohammed nonchalantly shrugged his shoulders, salaamed to the memsahib, and took his departure.

Whatever this new evidence may have been worth, it decidedly failed to produce the ring. It had the effect, however, of subjecting the next-door bungalow to a police raid later in the day, which was as unwelcome as it was unexpected.

Mohammed officially accompanied the police-inspector. One by one the servants' quarters were searched in every hole and corner, the ayah's amongst them. Suddenly the inspector, exasperated by his want of success, turned upon Abdul and announced his intention of searching his person also.

(Continued overleaf.)

THAT HOLIDAY FEELING.



THE LADY OF THE PARASOL (*to her husband*) : Yes, you can stare at that young woman hard enough, but if I was to start goin' about like that you'd be the first to complain.



THE BORN-TIRED ONE (*to kindred spirit, as the fashionable crowd flocks past*) : Well, I shall be bloomin' glad when this 'ere season is hover. Don't seem to be no peace an' quiet anywheres. Why carnt they set still?

Abdul, sedate, solemn, and respectful, bowed his acquiescence. But in that second, as he bent his head, his faithful friend Mohammed felt something small and round slipped into his hand. For the moment Mohammed concealed this article in his puggaree, but his eyes itched to see what it could be.

The next moment an urgent call from his own bungalow recalled Mohammed. A second bevy of police was making a new commotion in his own master's compound. Shuffling across slowly in his loose slippers, he was enabled to inspect the article which Abdul had entrusted to him. Pulling it from his turban, he held it exposed to the sunlight in the palm of his hand. And as he gazed, his steps came to an abrupt standstill and his mouth gaped in astonishment.

There, glowing gloriously from its crimson depths, upon his brawny palm, lay a ruby.

As he stared at it, for the moment spellbound, a policeman's shout awoke him to a sense of his position. His hand closed over the stone convulsively; his thoughts were in a whirl. It was obvious that Abdul had not concealed the ring amongst the ayah's effects, after all. He must have extracted the stone, and then, fearing detection, he had at the last moment handed it over to his fellow-conspirator.

The latter grasped the situation easily enough, and as easily realised his own danger. To have dropped the stone would have been simple enough, even with the policeman's eye upon him, but such a dreadful waste seemed at the moment unnecessary. Also, be it said to Mohammed's credit, there was no intention on his part that his mistress should lose her ruby. To cause the undoing of the ayah by its means was one thing; to lose the stone altogether, quite another. If Abdul had carried out his instructions the stone would have undoubtedly been found amongst the ayah's clothes, and restored to its owner by the police.

But whilst his brain conned over these things time was flying. His own turn to be searched might arrive at any moment. Suddenly the police inspector called him again. He could afford to take no risks. Prison and disgrace seemed alarmingly near at hand. For an instant he lost his head. His knees shook with fear. The next second he had swallowed the ruby, and stood, unblushingly, before the inspector.

It took several days for the servants of both compounds to settle down into their normal conditions once more. For some reason, however, Mohammed's brow remained furrowed with care, and the increasing absent-mindedness with which he went about his work became daily more noticeable.

At last, one morning, the wretched bearer looked so ill that at tiffin his master ordered him to lie down, and sent for the doctor.

By the time the latter had arrived there was no doubt whatever that Mohammed Ghur was in an agony of pain. With his head rolled up in his blanket, the old man lay prone upon his straw mat, groaning pitifully. With difficulty was he even induced to allow an examination.

"It is God's will," groaned he. "If God says that I die, I shall die."

But the master knew Mohammed's peculiarities, and gentle persuasion at length won the day. The examination was not a lengthy one. The doctor's voice expressed no shadow of doubt.

"Acute appendicitis!" declared he. "He must be taken to the hospital at once, and I will operate."

With tears and prayers Mohammed begged for a respite, but without avail. But even as he assured his honoured master that the pain was as nothing, he would be seized with a fresh bout and roll about in agony.

The details of the operation which was performed before sunset that same day are in themselves of technical interest only. But it must be recorded that at one stage of the proceedings, when no sound but the heavy breathing of the anaesthetised patient disturbed the stillness of the operating-theatre, the surgeon held out in his hand a round, crimson stone, about the size of a pea, and turned inquiringly to Mohammed's master, who stood in the doorway.

"Good heavens!" ejaculated the latter. "A ruby! There isn't a ring, too, I suppose; is there?"

"A ring?" cried the surgeon. "Why, man, what more do you want? Isn't that stone in itself enough to cause appendicitis without a ring to help it?"

For a few moments the former meditatively turned the stone over in his fingers. The steady breathing of the patient seemed to punctuate the silence. His master groaned, and looked across to where the old man's face, grey-bearded, and handsome in its serene immobility, gave no sign.

"And it was you, old Mohammed, after all—you, my old trusted follower of twenty years' service," murmured he. "If the evidence

were not so absolutely uncontested I would have denied it at all costs. Even now I can hardly believe my eyes."

The doctor, absorbed in his work, did not note the quiet departure of his audience. Mohammed, still unconscious, was removed to bed, and no troubles interfered with his uninterrupted recovery. His master made no sign. And of the surgeon Mohammed had made judicious inquiries, only to find him strangely obtuse.

It was several days after the operation that, one afternoon, as the doctor was riding slowly club-wards, he met Mohammed's master returning from office.

"Hullo! Well met!" cried the latter, reining in his pony. "You remember that stone you found in my Bearer's appendix?"

"Well?"

"And that my wife had a ruby ring stolen a couple of weeks ago?"

"Of course. Cause and effect, surely?" grunted the medico. "Sherlock Holmes is hardly needed, is he?"

"Humph! I think that, perhaps, he might be useful after all. The stone that you found is not a ruby at all. The experts in the native city tell me that it is nothing but a piece of glass, such as natives use for cheap jewellery."

"Hah!" ejaculated the doctor. "An interesting coincidence, nevertheless, isn't it?—very interesting. Perhaps you will have a third chapter to relate another day. I'm off for a rubber of bridge."

The doctor, with a wave of his hand, cantered down the ride. The evening shadows of the purple hills were rapidly lengthening. All the world seemed at peace.

But in the convalescent ward of the native hospital, where Mohammed, lying prone, talked with his erstwhile friend and co-conspirator, Abdul, there was no peace.

"Why, O Abdul, did you do this thing?" he whispered hoarsely. "Here am I, a thief in the eyes of the sahib. How can I ever look again upon the face of the sahib? Why, false one, did you not put the ring into the ayah's box instead of keeping the stone for me to swallow?"

Abdul's eyes sought the floor, and his voice expressed pained contrition as he mumbled his excuses.

"The stone fell out of the ring, and, whilst I waited to get it put in again, those devils of police came and caused all this trouble. What was a poor man to do?" whined he.

Mohammed turned his face to the wall and beat his breast. There seemed no hope. No loophole offered the slightest chance of escape. Even if the sahib did not prosecute, his future was ruined. He had taken the ring from the memsahib's box, it was true; but only as a loan. Nevertheless, the fates had handed him over to the tormentors, and he had become as one that is damned.

Now, as the miserable man groaned in agony of mind, his master's soul was equally perturbed, but for another reason. With repentant thoughts towards his faithful henchman, he rode to the hospital that same evening and sought out Mohammed. And as he unfolded his tale of having discovered that, after all, the stone found in Mohammed's body was no ruby, and that for many days he had been unjustly accusing the latter of a despicable deed, the old man's face became so suffused with wonder that it was well that the hospital lights were few and dim.

This sudden return to his master's confidence threw Mohammed's pulses into a fever of excitement, and his heart gladdened within him. What he would have to say to that perfidious Abdul, however, did not at all savour of gladness.

Some weeks passed before the next meeting between the two old men took place. To a secluded place behind the stables Mohammed lured his unsuspecting victim. And there it was that, in the most flowery and impassioned language of the East and of the Prophet, Mohammed cursed him and all that was his.

"To me," hissed he, "you gave a piece of glass to swallow. Where is the ruby belonging to my memsahib which you have stolen? What of the lie you told me about the stone falling from the ring? What hast thou done with the ring, thou thief? Answer me that before I hand you over to the sahib, who will assuredly cause thy foul carcass to be flogged in the jail until thou hast confessed."

But Abdul, fleeter of foot than the still weak Mohammed, did not wait to formulate his reply. Picking up the hem of his garments, he fled incontinently bazaar-wards.

Twenty-four hours later, a ruby ring mysteriously reappeared in the memsahib's jewel-case. All questions relative to the method of its arrival proved futile. Mohammed was heard to murmur something concerning ayahs, but he showed no wish to press the point.

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

WOULD THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" IDEAL COURSE MAKE GOLFERS HAPPY?

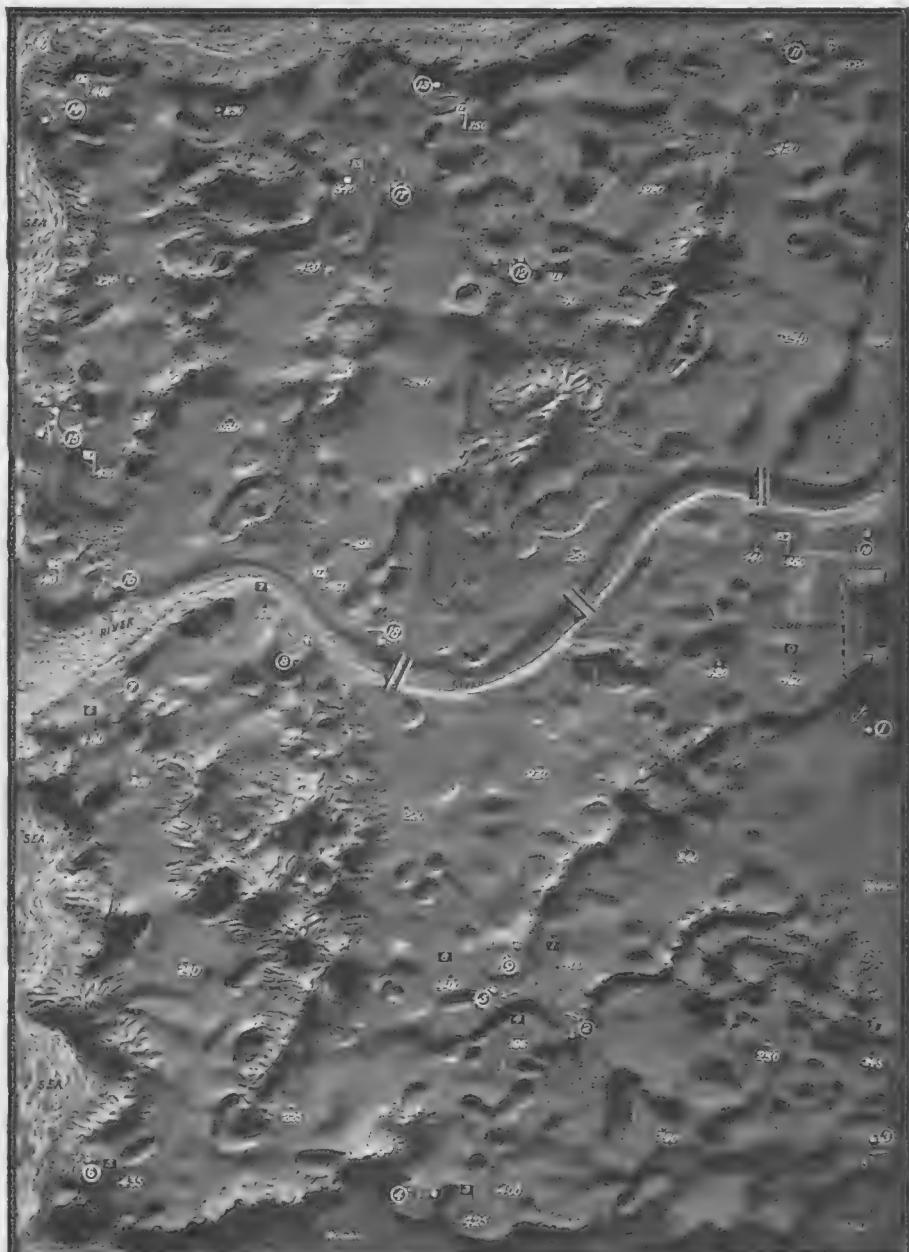
The Ideal Course. My attention has been directed to the very interesting and remarkable chart of an ideal course, an effort of imagination, which has been prepared by Mr. Herbert Fowler and reproduced in the *Illustrated London News*, and again in *The Sketch*, with sundry explanatory remarks. It is really both interesting and remarkable, because it exhibits such a subtle knowledge of the essential features of the ideal course as few architects are capable of, and it is a very fine effort of the imagination. Mr. Fowler is to be congratulated. At the same time, perhaps he will excuse me and those I represent for prophesying that if his ideal ever materialises, and he builds a house for himself alongside the first tee—as he is almost sure to do—and lives there always, he will very soon make some alterations on that glorious course, which has the sea washing two sides of it and has the most beautifully placed holes amid such sandhills as are hardly to be found anywhere except Sandwich way. Here, then, let me say that, in the controversy that is sure to arise upon this matter, I have been asked to represent the great band of golfers who have handicaps of from four to nine. These men claim that they make up the great majority of the really capable golfers, that they are the good average. They are not duffers, for whose capacity no architect could be expected to cater. On the other hand, they do not belong to that extremely small set who have always a first-class chance of winning the Amateur Championship. They can play the game, they can play it well, and they play it for pleasure. They claim that they are the best and strongest force in the game, and that they should be most considered when a course is being laid out.

The Sixth Hole and the First. Then let me say at once that my clients agree heartily with Mr. Fowler's principles as enunciated in his opening statement. It is when he begins to peck about with his spade on those beautiful sandhills and digs holes in them for bunkers, and makes tees and putting-greens, that my clients murmur against him, and declare that he is making a course which will serve one purpose splendidly, and that is to find out whether a man ought to have won the Open Championship in the way he did or not, but no other purpose quite so well. We get such sentences as this: "If reached by the giants in two, both shots must be very straight." Now, in a club of five hundred members, not half-a-dozen would care whether the "giants" reached it in two or one, and resent the "giants" being so much thought of in

the matter. The hole in question is the sixth, 480 yards, over the most difficult country, the ball having to be placed accurately every time, and a 240-yard drive, with a carry over a ridge nearly so long, has to be done from the tee. Go back to the first hole. It looks an extremely nice piece of golf, but we don't like the dimensions. Mr. Fowler rightly says that "a first hole should not be too difficult." It is desirable to get the players away quickly, and, perhaps, to let the game lure them on a little, and not break their hearts at the outset. Then let us see the architect's idea of something comparatively simple to start with. There is "a hill to carry about 100 yards from the tee, and further on, at 180 yards, is a second ridge, and in it a bunker which must be either carried or avoided."

A Question of Carries. Now he knows quite

well that, to all intents and purposes, there is a regular carry at this hole of 180 yards from the tee. Everybody can hit a ball over the first bunker with a mashie, and it practically does not count for anything except topped shots. On the other hand, the second bunker will be a constant challenge, and everybody except the youngest girls and the oldest gentlemen will go for it. And they will get into it. It is too much. Mr. Fowler has made it possible to sneak round the right of the bunker quite easily, but, slashing out, the ordinary player won't think of placing at that distance. Mr. Fowler expects him to get 240 yards, and after that a "full iron or cleek shot will find a crater green not too severely guarded"—stage directions. There is a huge bunker on the left, some little ones beyond the green, two on the left front, one on the right front, and sandhills close up on the right. And this is the easy hole to begin with! The course is 3296 yards out and 3490 home, making 6786 yards altogether, and not a simple shot anywhere. The architect suggests that a scratch player should be content with 43 out and 43 home, a round of 86;



THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" MODEL OF AN IDEAL GOLF COURSE: MR. FOWLER'S SCHEME FOR A UTOPIAN LINKS.

We reproduce above a model of an ideal golf course that was specially designed for "The Illustrated London News" by Mr. W. Herbert Fowler, and which was given as a double-page in the issue of July 26. Describing its essentials, he says: "(1) It must be among sand-dunes by the sea. (2) The position of the club-house should make two starting-points accessible. (3) There should be no crossing. (4) There should be four one-shot holes. (5) Not more than two holes should be played in the same direction consecutively. The figures on the model show the distance and position of each shot up to the green, when two putts are allowed in each case. The course is 3296 yards out, and 3490 yards home. The par score of the model course is as follows:—Out: 4 3 5 3 4 5 3 4 5—36; In: 5 4 3 4 4 3 5 5 5—38—74.

but my clients urge that any course on which a scratch player is satisfied under normal conditions with an 86 has something wrong about it. These things, of course, are matters of opinion, and the opinion varies with the class of the player. But the Open Champion, the four man, the nine man, and the duffer may sometimes have one course from which they will all get satisfaction. I have seen creations by Mr. Harry Colt that do all this, or nearly, and I want to see more of them. But that does not prevent us admiring Mr. Fowler's model as a masterpiece of imagination, and imagination is the very best quality of a links architect.

HENRY LEACH.



A 'VARSITY SKETCH: AN AMERICAN THRILL: A DISEASE.'

THE presiding geniuses of the Tivoli exhibit no outward and visible signs of despair, and though they have received orders to rebuild their premises—in order to give a greater width to the Strand—they would, if asked whether they were downhearted, respond with a vigorous and resounding negative. As proof that they are still alive and kicking, they have produced a brand-new and original musical comedietta called "What Ho, Daphne!"

which is from the practised pens of Mr. Frederick Norton and Mr. Hartley Carrick. It is perfectly obvious as the sketch proceeds that the object of its authors is not so much to give a representation of life at our great Universities—though the scene is laid in Oxbridge—as to afford a few minutes of light-hearted fun. As is usual in theatres and music-halls when the scene is laid in 'Varsity surroundings, everything is made as unlike the 'Varsity as it can possibly be. The stage scout is never in the least like the real thing, the stage Don never gets within miles of it, and as for the undergraduates, they are the least so of all. Of course, in order that no vestige of verisimilitude may be allowed to remain, a fascinating and gaily clad young woman is discovered behind a curtain in the rooms of the leading undergraduate, and, of course, she immediately establishes herself firmly in the life of the University, does generally just as she pleases, and everybody lives happily ever afterwards. Though all this is conducted upon normal and traditional lines, it runs on cheerfully from start to finish. The book is rather brighter than we are accustomed to find with this class of piece, and the music is unfailingly tuneful and gay. Miss Daisy Le Hay is the life and soul of the play, and she is ably backed up by the rest of the company.

APPEARING IN A REVIVAL OF A FAMOUS OLD PLAY: MISS GRACE LANE, WHO IS PLAYING MRS. RALSTON IN "JIM THE PENMAN," AT THE COMEDY.

The revival of Sir Charles Young's famous play is running successfully at the Comedy. Miss Grace Lane has made a personal success as the wife of James Ralston.—[Photograph by Bassano.]

company. The little piece is just the right length, and when the curtain falls it leaves the audience in the satisfactory condition of having had enough and not too much of what, in its own irresponsible way, is quite a good thing.

The Latest from the States. Something will really have to be done about these sketches that hail from America. There is such a welter of criminality about them that

the mind becomes warped by contemplating them, and one's sense of right and wrong becomes completely distorted. The Law in the States provides a puzzle of gigantic magnitude, and one never knows from one moment to the next what on earth it is going to do. In "The System," which has been imported to the Palladium, we have a very fine example of this sort of thing. We have a crook, whose name is Billy Bradley, but has earned for himself the title of "the Eel." We find him at a police-station charged with the robbery of a necklace before a beautifully stagey inspector, who insists that he believes everybody innocent until proved guilty—a sentiment which sends the gallery frantic with appreciation. The chief accuser is a detective of the name of Doogan, huge in size, bullying

in manner, and blood-curdling in diction. Now the law of America starts its wonderful operations. Having, presumably, got the thief, it lets him go, in order, apparently, to set a trap by which he will give himself and his "gal" away. So they let the pair meet—having previously put a dictaphone behind a picture. This scientific implement proves the undoing of Doogan, who is a most unrighteous person, and in some muscular love-passages with "the Eel's" gal, gives himself hopelessly away, with the result that, when the myrmidons of the law rush in *en masse*, they do not come to arrest "the Eel," as you are expected to suppose, but to arrest the unrighteous Doogan, leaving "the Eel" and his gal with just enough plunder left upon them to enable them to carry out the oft-advertised plan of "going to be good." All this is taken at a fine pace. Everybody is very strenuous; most of the voices are harsh and fierce; the air is redolent of wickedness, and one comes away with feelings akin to helplessness. Mr. Taylor Granville is very good as "the Eel," and all his colleagues surge round him and work as hard as any cause could ever deserve.

Also from Across. The invasion from the States shows no signs of falling off, in spite of the ominous fact that the rag-time market has become glutted, and London is said to be full of exponents of that curious art who find it impossible to obtain employment. But there are other and less agitating forms of entertainment which are in better circumstances, and of one of

these branches there are no fewer than two expounders at the Palace. Not content with Miss Ethel Green, who has for some weeks been singing and talking there, Mr. Alfred Butt now presents another *diseuse* to us in the person of a lady who elects to be known as Mary Elizabeth. This lady sings a song or two and tells a story or two in a very arch manner; but why, oh, why, come all the way from the United States of America to tell a London audience that prehistoric story of the lunatic who imagined himself to be a poached egg? One is reluctant to criticise a lady who has travelled such a long way in order to amuse us, but there are occasions on which one must be cruel to be kind, and I venture to inform her that, in my belief, Columbus was told that story when the egg question was being discussed prior to his departure for America.—ROVER.



IN AN UP-TO-DATE VERSION OF A FAMOUS OLD PLAY: MR. SEYMOUR HICKS AND MISS ELLALINE TERRISS AS DAVID GARRICK AND ADA INGOT AT THE COLISEUM. Miss Ellaline Terriss and Mr. Seymour Hicks are playing the leading parts in Mr. Max Pemberton's version of "David Garrick," in eight scenes, recently produced at the Coliseum. The music and songs are by Dora Bright.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.]



MAPS : BROOKLANDS ON AUGUST MONDAY: A MATTER OF GOOD FEELING : PROBABLY A COCK-AND-BULL STORY.

Maps of Interest. In connection with the International Road Congress Exhibition, held lately in association with the International Road Congress, there occurred a subsidiary exhibition which has received but scant attention from the Press. The Automobile Association (always to the fore in good works), in conjunction with the Ligue Internationale des Associations



AN UNREHEARSED EFFECT FOR THE SPECTATORS: A CURIOUS MOTOR-CAR SPILL IN FRONT OF THE GRAND STAND.

During the Circuit de Picardie for the Grand Prix of the Automobile Club of France, the spectators were treated to an exciting unrehearsed incident, Moriondo, on his Itala, coming to grief right in front of the Grand Stand.—[Photograph by Delius.]

de Tourisme, organised an exhibit of maps, covering not only the British Isles and the Continent, but also countries throughout the world, outside the ordinary motoring touring ground. Amongst the three hundred odd exhibits, my special attention was drawn to the Ordnance Survey Map of Keswick's delightful district, showing, by a new method of classification, where roads suddenly become narrow, or have steep inclines, or where other unusually dangerous conditions prevail. The special symbols used indicate these features at a glance. Dr. Bartholomew's contour maps were also found extremely interesting by reason of the graphic and convincing manner in which high and low districts are differentiated. Yet another important and useful chart was a map showing motorists how to approach and find their way through and round the Metropolis with the least inconvenience from traffic. This map has been prepared by the A.A. and M.U.

Bank Holiday at Brooklands.

Bank Holiday will have great attractions at Brooklands. A most generous and interesting programme has been

drawn up by the management of the Brooklands Automobile Racing Club, and given fine weather, a very large "gate" should result. It should be noted that racing will commence at noon, as this time of starting is being greatly appreciated on Bank Holidays, when folks like to make a long day at the great Weybridge motor-drome. A Winners' Handicap should prove particularly interesting, inasmuch as the handicappers are able to handicap competitors on their very latest form, as shown on their running on the day, and the race, therefore, always results in a very close and exciting finish. A great innovation is to be made in the flying race. A course will be marked out nearly following the outlines of the Track, omitting the big banking under the Members' Bridge. In this wise the competing aeroplanes will pass down the straight in each lap, turning at a point just beyond the Paddock. The finishing-line will be from the official building to a point on the railway straight. Competitors will therefore pass three times in front of the hill, whereby an excellent view of the race will be had without a peregrination to the flying-ground.

An Appeal to be Regarded.

Another appeal is made, to motorists particularly, by the Town Clerk of Birkenhead, in the matter of the great annoyance caused to those attending places of worship by the blowing of horns and the sounding of other warning instruments when motor-cars are being driven past churches and chapels during the periods of divine service. The Watch Committee (speaking, of course, only for Birkenhead—but the appeal may be made to apply universally throughout the country) asks motorists, through the Royal Automobile Club, to exercise consideration when passing churches and chapels during service. It is quite reasonably suggested that, in nine cases out of ten in which horns or other instruments of a more appalling character are sounded in the neighbourhood of churches, etc., to give audible warning of approach, all cases of public safety might be met by a reduction of speed. The feeling against motorists on the part of the non-motoring public has not abated to such a degree that really reasonable requests of this kind should be ignored, and I hope that every motor-car driver who does me the honour to read these Notes will bear this request in mind when driving during the time of divine service on Sundays.

Too Good to be True.

On Monday, July 21, the *Daily Mail* raised high the hopes of all motorists who read that paper by publishing a statement to the effect that the Home Office had issued, or were about to issue, a circular to police officials generally with regard to police traps. The Home Office, it was said, had suggested that police traps on open and innocuous stretches of the highway should be dropped, and instituted only in speed-limits and other places where a danger to the public was likely to result from speed above the legal limit. Upon this announcement, motorists must have felt that something like the Millennium was at hand, and that the long, shameful period of the unjust, unfair, and un-English persecution of one particular, and now the prevailing, form of traffic was to cease. Alack and well-a-day! this, I fear, is too good to be true, for application at the Home Office itself, Scotland Yard, and other places revealed only a profound



A SUGGESTION FOR THE SUFFRAGETTES: "BOMBS" TO BE DROPPED FROM AN AEROPLANE. This photograph, which hails from Germany, shows what an aeroplane bomb looks like. The Suffragettes have probably already considered the matter, otherwise we should refrain from putting the idea into their heads.—[Photograph by Haeckel.]

ignorance of any such promulgation. Whether such a pronouncement is in the air or not, one cannot say, and although generally chaffed by its contemporaries upon the discovery of a nine-months-old circular bearing no such reference as suggested, the *Daily Mail* has, up to the moment of writing, preserved a profound silence on the matter.



POETRY is in the air; and Prince Arthur of Connaught and the Duchess of Fife have already received enough books, or promises of books, to show them that a whole library will be theirs before the end of October.

"Tell me your favourite poet?" is the usual question of the present-giver—and a particularly futile one. The *édition de luxe* of her Royal Highness's favourite poet is already on her shelves, and on Prince Arthur's as well! Strictly limited editions, however, offer some sort of opportunity to the clever buyer. "I want one of the numbered copies, and it must be Number One," said Princess Christian the other day to her bookseller. The book, a volume of poems, had only been issued half-an-hour before, but Number One had gone.

His Grace Goes Shopping. Even the Duke of Newcastle is reading. The Duke of Newcastle puts Francis Thompson's poems in his pocket as often as his valet takes them out. From the cars that travel between Apsley House and Cork Street the address-book is often missing, hardly ever a slender volume of verse. Lord Derby knows nothing of the literature of betting, but quite a lot about the poets who might have been laureates.

When the Duke of Devonshire was late the other day at luncheon he excused himself by presenting a new poet, between boards, to his hostess. "I have been to three shops to find it," he explained.

Cowes. There is no way of disproving the assertion that the season has been a dull one in London. "Dull yourself!" was the retort of a girl the other night at a dance, when her partner explained the deadliness of the year. But whoever may be responsible, the fact remains that many people vaguely agree with the dull young man. Cowes, on the other hand, can be put to the proof. Its interests are all brought into

one small radius; its personages are on the spot. It is a failure or a success, and everybody knows which way the verdict goes. This year Cowes is a success. The presence of the royal yachts and of an engaged couple, the evident desire of the King to spend as much time as possible on the Solent, and the troops of people who have been preparing for the Week with genuine eagerness, all mean success. It is a famous yachting year.

A London Possibility.

The other day a very great man came from Berlin to London. He travelled incognito, and spent his time between the restaurants and the estate-agents. It has long irked the business conscience of the foreign caterer that this capital has no café on really ample lines; and although the German magnate—the president of a great commonwealth of light refreshment in his own country—arrived at no definite conclusions as to a site or an opening day, he was more than ever satisfied that London needs assistance—and a Continental breakfast!

MARRIED ON JULY 22 TO MISS ELLA CHRISTINA MICHELL: MR. W. J. M. LEFROY.

Mr. Walter John McGrath Lefroy, son of the late Captain B. L. Lefroy, R.N., of Littlehampton, is the Founder and Editor of our enterprising weekly *illustrated contemporary, "Canada."*

Photograph by Keturah Collings.



MISS MARGARET ROUSE, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. JOHN GRAHAM-CLARKE WAS ARRANGED FOR JULY 29.

The wedding of Miss Margaret Rouse, of Kirby Hall, Bedale, Yorks, to Mr. John Graham-Clarke, was arranged to take place on Tuesday.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



WIFE OF THE NEW MASTER OF THE NORTH HEREFORDSHIRE HOUNDS: MRS. LOGAN-KITSON.

The previous Master of the North Herefordshire Hounds was Captain R. Heygate. The kennels are at Bodenham, Leominster.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

self. "I think," said he to the hostess, "that the unknown came to your dance without an invitation."

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TO MARRY MR. JOHN FITZGERALD MOYLAN: MISS NESTA FITZGERALD.

Miss Nesta Fitzgerald is the daughter of the Hon. J. D. Fitzgerald, K.C.

Photograph by Swaine.



MARRIED ON JULY 22: MRS. W. J. M. LEFROY (FORMERLY MISS ELLA CHRISTINA MICHELL).

Mrs. Lefroy is a daughter of Colonel J. W. A. Michell and Mrs. Michell, of 51, Marlborough Hill. The wedding took place on July 22 at St. Mark's, Hamilton Terrace, N.W.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.



TO MARRY MISS NESTA FITZGERALD: MR. JOHN FITZGERALD MOYLAN.

Mr. John Fitzgerald Moyle is a son of the late Mr. Edward K. Moyle, barrister.

Photograph by Swaine.



MISS CONSTANCE MARY SEDGWICK, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO CAPTAIN HUGH RUSSELL ELIOTT WAS FIXED FOR JULY 26.

Miss Sedgwick is the elder daughter of the late Mr. A. O. Sedgwick and of Mrs. Sedgwick, of Derby House, Watford.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



CAPTAIN HUGH RUSSELL ELIOTT, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS CONSTANCE MARY SEDGWICK WAS FIXED FOR JULY 26.

Captain Elliott, who is in the Worcestershire Regiment, is a son of the late Major-General William Russell Elliott.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**The Unpopularity
of the
Married Couple.**

For some reason or other, there is a notable decrease in the popularity of the married couple, however young, gay, and attractive they may be. The bachelor and the girl carry all before them socially, while there is an increasing vogue for inviting husbands and wives separately. Married pairs no longer arrive like the predestined inhabitants of the Ark, but quite "on their own," and with a certain air of furtive joy. This fashion was first set in high places, where Parliament and what-not claim the man, and the wife is free to accept what invitations she pleases without the proprieties being outraged. Now this custom has permeated the rich middle-classes, and you shall see plain Mrs. Threestars dining out or staying in country houses alone, for all the world like the Marchioness of Blankshire. It was the late King Edward who gave the young married woman the extreme vogue she enjoyed in the last decade of the nineteenth century, but she is now the proud mother of a girl who enjoys a popularity equal to her own in her heyday. The point is that people must not go about in pairs without incurring a certain stigma of frumpishness. And certainly married couples, after the first year or two, seem to enjoy themselves more if they are not always bound to make an appearance together at social functions. For the fact is that marriage tends to be anti-social, and sometimes a little selfish, the contracting parties being much wrapped up in themselves, their young children, and their own intimate affairs. The gay bachelor and the modern girl are, at any rate, free from the vice of unsociability, and hence the warmth with which they are received. Society demands, above all, to be amused, and kept alert, and our young people are adepts in this art.

**The Spinster
Comes Into Her
Own.**

The bachelor, to be sure, has always enjoyed much social esteem. In Victorian days he was frankly looked upon, if "eligible," as quarry to be pursued, as the prize in the game, as a fish to be hooked, as a target to be hit. But even the most elementary mothers have left off such a naïve form of sport, and it is nowadays not made painfully evident for what purpose he is invited, for instance, to a country house full of attractive daughters. It is only of late years, however, that certain unmarried young women have been as certain of popularity and of receiving quite as cordial a welcome as the most shining of our gilded youth. There are several qualities which the Ideal Spinster should possess. She need not be rich, but she must be perfectly dressed; she need not be very wise, but she must certainly be witty. If she is as well equipped with tact, good health, and good humour as she is with becoming evening-gowns, has a serviceable knowledge of places and people, and a certain amount of *bonne volonté*, she may be as indispensable at dinner-parties or in country houses as the most ornate bachelor-man. For the popular spinster nowadays leads an almost ideal life. She is

free to come and go where she likes, without asking anyone's leave; she can choose her own friends, male and female after their kind; she can entertain at her club, at home, or at restaurants; and she can travel to the far ends of the earth without anyone being scandalised. A cynic recently suggested that the reason why the modern spinster is often so genial and so cheerful is that she retains all her illusions about Man bright and lustrous. At any rate, she does not indulge in those querulous complaints which make the society of the married a questionable joy.

**Man and the
Fashions.**

The usual crop of foolish propositions and futile talk has set in earlier than usual. This year a spirited onslaught on the ultra-modish is in progress, but what the attackers seem to ignore is that this turning

on of discussion on to feminine garb is precisely what these scantily clothed persons delight in. They are "out," so to speak, to create talk and invite criticism, so that the only way to stop the wearing of certain fashionable clothes would be to ignore the whole thing, and regard the wearers as eminently reasonable persons. Yet, curiously enough, although the present mode is sufficiently startling, the language used about it is much the same as that which is perennially employed about successive feminine fashions. Flounced skirts or eel-like jerseys, vast sleeves or manly overcoats—all have been subject to hostile masculine criticism directly they "came in," and were condemned wholeheartedly by all men over forty. For it is not the young man who sets up as a censor of clothes, but the individual of fixed views and habits, for whom Woman has little glamour. It is these middle-aged worthies who write to the newspapers, signing themselves "Paterfamilias" or "Scrutator," hotly denouncing everything that is worn at the time being. The young man is seldom indignant at what his youthful feminine contemporary is wearing. He sees that she is fair, and that her clothes are fresh and



ATTRACTIVE LAWN - TENNIS FROCKS.

The centre figure shows how printed linen may be utilised for making a smart little blouse-jacket to wear over a white skirt. On the left is shown a frock made of red linen with a white collar, and ornamented with pockets on the skirt. The dress of the figure on the right-hand is of a light-coloured hue, and is embroidered in many colours round the skirt and edges of the revers.

pretty, and that is enough for him. It may be urged that he has no standards of comparison, and that, unlike his father, he does not think that the "dress-improvers" and tiny bonnets of the 'eighties were the ideal garb for man's helpmate. He takes her as she comes, in the scantiest skirt, with a hat covering one eye, and her round throat exposed to the four winds of heaven, and finds that the creature is good.

Are We Sloppy? Mr. Walter Sichel, who is an acute observer of men and manners, declares that we are getting "sloppier, sloppier, daily and hourly." Is this accusation true? Among the younger folk there is a certain amount of casualness and sketchiness, but, on the other hand, they are, in the main, an extremely genial and cheerful generation. Seldom do you hear any grumbling and complaining among people in their twenties, and yet their lines do not always run in pleasant places. It seems to be a point of youthful honour not to "grouse," and in the fight for existence this determination may be of inestimable value. The strenuous person is apt to be singularly disagreeable.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 13.

HOME RAILWAY DIVIDENDS.

THE dividends declared up to the present by the English Railway Companies make a remarkably varied showing, and the fact that in some cases only the bare dividend is announced, and in others additional figures of the half-year's results are given, makes it all the more difficult to generalise as to the position.

On Thursday, the Great Eastern announcement was a most unpleasant jar for the market. This Company had a published gross increase for the six months of £74,000, and yet the dividend was reduced from $1\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. This reduction represents a sum of £38,000, and it seems hardly possible that the actual results can be as bad as this. No information is vouchsafed on this point, and shareholders will apparently have to possess their souls in patience until 1914.

The dividends announced on Friday, however, were of a much more satisfactory character. The Great Northern and the North-Eastern Companies contented themselves with announcing their dividends—in the former case at the same rate as a year ago, and in the latter at the rate of $5\frac{1}{2}$ against $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for the same period of last year.

The London and South-Western result was good. Gross receipts from all sources were £185,000 up, and of this £95,000 has been retained as profit, which enables the directors to raise the dividend on the undivided stock from the 3 per cent. to which it fell last year to the rate paid for the first half of 1911—namely, 4 per cent.

The Midland Railway has also managed to retain an appreciable part of its gross increase as net profit. We are not told exactly what amount of the £700,000 gross increase is retained, but the dividend on the Deferred is at the rate of $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. against $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. twelve months ago, and this represents, roughly, £150,000. The carry-forward is raised from £51,000 to £100,000, so the net receipts must be up at least £200,000, and probably reserve and renewal funds have, in addition, been more liberally treated.

THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

The preliminary statement of this Railway is especially interesting in view of the rumours which have been circulated recently to the effect that the dividend would be reduced. From the figures now available, it is clear that any such fears are groundless—in fact, the Company earned over 15 per cent. on its Common shares last year, which is an increase of 1.2 per cent. on the 1911-12 results.

Gross receipts at 93,638,000 dols. show an increase of 7,500,000 dols., while working expenses were roughly increased by 4,000,000 dols. In addition to this increase in operating expenses, there is a shrinkage of nearly a million dollars in "other income"—that is to say, interests, etc.—and thus the surplus available for dividends on the Common shares comes out at 32,622,000 dols., against 30,058,000 dols. a year ago, and 35,994,000 for 1910-11.

With regard to the effect of the disposal of this Company's Southern Pacific holding during the next two years we are not at all pessimistic. As far as we can see, the loss of interest due to this cause is most unlikely to exceed 1 per cent. on the Union Company's Common shares, and will probably be even less. Working costs, however, will inevitably tend to increase in America as in England, but not, we feel sure, to such an extent as to jeopardise the 10 per cent. dividend.

The present price of 152 compares with 165 at the beginning of the year, and is some twenty points lower than that ruling twelve months ago. In addition to general market conditions, the uncertainty of the Government's attitude is responsible for this drop; but now that the former are improving and the latter is settled, we think the quotation should recover.

STANDARDISATION OF PLANTATION RUBBER.

The Rubber position continues to attract a good deal of attention, and is giving rise to much controversy. Standardisation is a very excellent thing, but it must take some considerable time to effect. Different methods of curing and preparation are employed upon different plantations, and any arrangement by which all managers are to adopt an identical method is bound to meet with considerable opposition. Besides, are we certain that any one method employed to-day is the best that can be found?

On the other hand, all estates can and should make sure that each and every shipment is identical in composition and quality—managers should be instructed to see that the same time is spent over preparing each shipment, and that there is always the same proportion of latex from young and old trees. We believe this plan is followed on the Highland Company's estate, and is the only reason why their sheet so often commands a premium over that produced elsewhere: certain manufacturers insist upon having it because they never need to alter their formulæ.

We are inclined to think that standardisation by groups of Companies in the same district (the rubber being shipped under a distinguishing mark) is a far more feasible plan, as it would ensure the manufacturer of a large and regular supply when once he had found a grade to suit his particular purpose.

With regard to any change of selling methods, we are not convinced that it would do much good; while any attempt to fix a minimum price must be foredoomed to failure from the very nature of the position.

OVERHEARD IN A CITY OFFICE.

"Give me the clerk-in-charge."

"I daresay you are doing your best, but it's not good enough for me."

"My good woman—"

"But you *are* a good woman, aren't you?"

"Oh—bother!" This wasn't exactly the word the clerk used as he hung up the receiver, but it's more parliamentary.

"The telephone is just about the limit nowadays," he said. "I wanted to ask the price of British Broken Hills."

"Are they worth buying?" asked the senior partner, who is always ready to take an interest in anything.

"I believe they are," was the answer. "They're down again to about 38s. 6d., and, with lead at its present price, they must be doing jolly well; as long as the metal remains at £20 a ton, I think the shares are cheap at anything under forty shillings."

"I'm thankful I sold my Shamvas," remarked Harry. "It's a good thing they didn't make the new issue until shareholders knew the real position."

"That's only right," said the senior partner.

"But none the less wonderful," laughed Harry. "If the public always knew the facts of the position when they parted with their money the Mining Market would be in better repute to-day."

"And you, O Harry, would be a richer man."

"How d'you mean?"

"Well, you've been a bull from your youth up, and if the public came in you might be able to sell some of your shares for what you gave."

"You wait," said Harry. "One day—"

"Porkers may circumnavigate the moon," suggested the clerk.

"But seriously," broke in the senior partner, "do you think there is much chance of an all-round revival in mines?"

"I don't think so," replied the clerk; "not this year, at all events. Perhaps, when the public have been bitten over their present class of favourites, they will turn again to mines for speculative investments."

"What d'you call their present favourites?" asked the senior partner.

"He means Public Utility Bonds and second-class Railway Debentures," said Harry.

"A Debenture or a Bond yielding six or seven per cent. is an anomaly," declared the clerk. "People buy them simply because they are so named, and think they are on to a good thing."

"And you don't think it will last?"

"Lots of them are bound to go wrong during the next year or two, and then the fashion will change."

"I've heard all that before, my boy," said the still-more-senior partner, who had come in a few minutes before; "but you left out the bit about Consols going back to ninety."

"O omniscient one," replied the clerk, with a bow, "might it not, by some strange chance, be true, although you have heard it before? And I left out the other part because I don't believe it."

"Not even under a Unionist Government?" asked the still-more-senior partner, who dearly loved to start a political argument and then watch the fun. But it didn't come off this time.

"I don't think so," said the clerk; "people can't afford it nowadays: they can get over four per cent. on redeemable Trustee securities, so why on earth should they hold Consols?"

"Anyhow, it doesn't much matter to you or me," said Harry to the clerk. "Let's go and see that man about a dog."

"Much talking hath made them thirsty," was the still-more-senior partner's dry comment as the two went out.

Saturday, July 26, 1913.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

S. O. M. T.—(1) We think you will eventually see your price again, but certainly not this year, and the price may go lower in the meantime; but we advise holding. (2) Yes; see last week's Notes. (3) Very doubtful. We do not see how the dividend can be maintained, and so should be inclined to sell.

VERSOM.—We have heard nothing more. The Foreign Bond is very speculative, but we are hopeful of all that group, as the United States will have to take charge, more or less, when the Canal is opened; but there's many a slip, etc. We look upon the Railway Bonds as a reasonable security, but the conversion rights are not worth much. You had better hold on.

S. A. M.—(1) We cannot answer hypothetical questions. (2) What is the attraction in dealing with such people when there are plenty of reputable brokers who would gladly do your business?

SCRUTATOR.—We have never liked the Company's finance, nor the people behind, nor the way the shares have been puffed. Reserves and depreciation have been neglected, and now German interests want to strengthen position, hence rumours as to dividends (which have been paid quarterly). We know nothing more, but should be very sorry to hold the shares ourselves. Why did you never mention them before?



White Wings and Red.

Cowes will be the next attraction for Society folk, who are this week busy enjoying Goodwood. There is fresh life in the air at both places, and it has, to use a familiar colloquialism, bucked people up. Spins on the Solent are the best of tonics to those who can take them without fear of illness. Breezes off the Solent have to do as second-best for landlubbers. A necessity for the enjoyment of Cowes Week, as of subsequent holidays, is a really reliable and light pair of glasses. I lost a pair at Cowes in the excitement of a collision between a yacht I was aboard, in the start for the Emperor's Cup, and a little one-rater, which filled and sank. I dropped my cherished glasses overboard, and I do not suppose the mermaids found much use for them. I profited, for a man on board gave me a pair of Dollond's prismatic binoculars, and he now declares that what I don't see isn't worth seeing. That was four years ago, and what I then thought perfection has been improved. These wonderful glasses are now the most perfect—optically, mechanically, and in regard to appearance—of any prism-binocular made either in England or on the Continent. The Dollond Army Field Glass is a marvel in value; it costs only two guineas, and its weight in a saddle-made leather case is only 26 oz. One never gets tired eyes from using these glasses. In power, lightness, and finish, they are ahead of all others, and there are styles and prices to suit all purchasers. The experience used in the making of the Dollond Army Field Glasses and Dollond Prismatic Binocular is that of 163 years. The house was founded in the reign of George II., and its traditions have been regarded and maintained in perpetuity by the many following generations.

Lotus-land Luxury in Shoes. There is no ruffler of temper like an uncomfortable boot or shoe; there is nothing that so readily sows the seeds of ill-health as unreliable shoe-leather. It is therefore a pleasure to direct attention to the fine qualities of British-made Lotus shoes and boots. There are

A Pretty, Perfect, and Permanent Pencil.

If there is one thing more evasive than another it is a pencil. The common or garden variety vanishes into thin air with the celerity of matches, pins, or hairpins—all things that are never on the premises when wanted. It has been said that no duchess could resist an umbrella; I believe a Methodist minister will absent-mindedly forget to return a pencil. Also pencil-cases have a careless way of losing their leads at the critical moment of note-making. We all know and love our Koh-i-Noors; they alone are reliable; and now Messrs. L. and C. Hardtmuth have introduced a new indestructible enamel pencil which is sold at 7s. 6d. It is made by a patent process, and does not scratch. The colours are exquisite—white, red, rose, blue, or green—and in each is a pencil-sharpener. These are so nice that one will not easily lose them; they are always ready, and they are permanent joys. When we have one of these we will keep steady watch on anyone to whom we lend it, as its return is a matter of great importance. They can be had for 7s. 6d. each from stationers and stores, and make really acceptable presents.

Farewell Court Entertainment.

The State Ball last week was the last Court entertainment of the season. It was a very large affair; over two thousand invitations were issued, and many received them who had given up all hope of doing so, and hurried to town to make preparations for attending in the place of others who were away and were unable to obey "Their Majesties' Command." The Queen wore a very beautiful pale-blue satin dress with a wonderful Chinese design, and superb diamonds. The Court circle was fairly full, and the ball as brilliant as ever. The Duchess of Bedford wore wonderful diamonds and emeralds, with an aquamarine, and gold gown; and the Duchess of Norfolk beautiful pearls and magnificent diamonds, with a deep old-ivory tinted satin dress having a waistband of flamingo-red *lame* with gold. Katharine Duchess of Westminster wore magnificent diamonds and pearls, with a black dress draped with lovely old lace. The Duchess of Portland



FORTUNATELY, NOT ALL OF A FIGHTING BREED: GUESTS AT A CANINE BOARDING-HOUSE AT HERSHAM.

An up-river boarding-house for dogs, at Hersham, Surrey, is one of the latest institutions in the progress of canine civilisation. The management of such a boarding-house, where different sorts of dogs may be gathered together, some of them, perhaps, of a pugnacious disposition, must require a considerable amount of tact—as much, indeed, as in running a boarding-house for human beings.

Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.

models graceful and charming for sunny days, and substantial and reliable for hard wear. There are walking-pumps, boots for shooting and golfing, and there are black and brown boots and shoes for men and women. There are half-sizes in this foot-wear, and it is made on lasts purposely varied in shape, to suit different feet—a matter which accounts for the perfection of fit possible only to these ready-made boots and shoes. There is, in fact, nothing in shoemaking regarding the comfort of wearers that has not been thought of and introduced in the making of these shoes, which are cut from specially selected leathers, and made on the most progressive principles. Lotus shoes are appreciated for their intrinsic merits as well as for their moderate price.



TEA AND TITTLE-TATTLE: A "FIVE O'CLOCK" AT THE DOGS' BOARDING-HOUSE.

was looking very handsome in white. "When are you going?" and "Where are you going?" were sentences that obtruded into every conversation.

NOTES FROM THE OPERA HOUSES.

THE public, having decided that "Boris Godounov" is worth supporting, did not grumble at the high prices charged for the final performance, but was content to fill the house to overflowing. The rest of last week was given over to the Russian Ballet, and the daring experiment of Drury Lane's opera season is now a thing of the past. It has given rise to a host of emotions—surprise, delight, and in the case of "Le Sacre du Printemps," bewilderment or disgust. But all these emotions are good for business. You must startle and shock in order to ensure the discussion that is the breath of young operatic life. It may be doubted whether, for all the success that has rewarded his efforts, Sir Joseph Beecham has been able to balance receipts with expenditure. The cost of bringing the Russian company from Paris has been enormous, and it is understood that M. Chaliapine cashed his fine notes for a very large amount of gold. Inasmuch as the commercial results of the venture are a matter of small concern to its generous supporter, the question of financial recompense is a small one. Sir Joseph Beecham has justified the faith that was in him, and as he has found a very large following, he will feel encouraged to make still larger efforts in the same direction. Incidentally, he has shown us that the old-fashioned chorus has had its day, and that the conventions acceptable in the days of Bellini, Donizetti, and other well-meaning but unspeakable composers, are as dead as their music ought to be. He has reminded us that the tenor is not necessarily the only male singer of account; he has given us the newest scenic effects and made us a little dissatisfied with their predecessors. In short, he may claim to have encouraged—if not, indeed, to have enforced—a revision of our operatic methods. To have done so much in the space of a month is a great achievement. The effect of his work will spread, it will go beyond London, as far as the English-speaking public is concerned. It is idle to talk of the future, but we may be confident that what we have seen in the past few weeks is no more than the beginning of Russian opera in England. Russia will take her place by the side of France and Italy, and, because her musical treasury is full of unexploited wealth, is bound to attract all those responsible for operatic productions. In the history of grand opera in England the summer of 1913 will be set down as *annus mirabilis*.

At Covent Garden a crowded house attended the first performance of "Roméo et Juliette." The superior person was very much in evidence, and was loud in his expressions of dislike for music that is merely beautiful. He spoke of saccharin and saxy, and other concentrated forms of sweetness; and the suave, flowing melodies of Gounod seemed to add years to his life. This, of course, is as it should be; but one would rejoice to see the superior person age and pass, if he cannot either stay away or be silent. There have been many better performances of "Roméo et Juliette" at Covent Garden: Melba has been heard to far greater advantage; while neither the Capulet, the Stephano, nor the Tybalt was satisfactory. Happily, both Melba and McCormack were good to hear, though the French accent of the latter might be bettered; and M. Marvini, the Friar Laurent, has a fine voice, even if tone colour is not its strong point. Signor Panizza might, perhaps, have been a little less rigid. I hope he is not among the superior persons; but he did not conduct as though "linked" sweetness, long drawn out were his favourite form of music. Whatever the shortcomings, they could not affect the sheer attractiveness of the music; and some of the love-duets have lost nothing of their charm through the constant changes of taste that more than forty years have registered. One would like to see the opera re-dressed—the mounting is beautiful—and played with the passionate enthusiasm that bubbles over from Shakespeare's pages and Gounod's score. "I am in love with Love" said Gounod in the days when he was already an old man, and his wooing of Love was never more effective or alluring than it is in "Roméo et Juliette," incomparably the finest of his operatic works. If people would only remember that, whatever the exigencies of the opera-house, Juliet is a girl, and Romeo little more than a boy, they would realise that the purely lyrical music, this exquisite fluttering over the surface of a passion whose depths are never plumbed, is not only musically charming, but is artistically just. But the superior person would have Romeo love Juliet as Tristan loved Isolde and Siegmund loved Sieglinde—perhaps as Salomé loves John the Baptist in Strauss's erotic opera. Gounod's comparative chastity offends him.

With this attractive opera, Covent Garden has now brought a long and interesting season to a close, and the directorate and management alike have earned the ungrudging praise of their supporters.

S. L. B.

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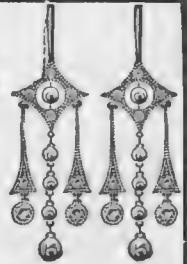


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CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with *Moving Pictures as Targets*; *Deauville*; *A Saison Russe at the Hippodrome*; *The Four Knaves and the Queen*; *George Duncan*; *Heat we Don't Get*; *Miss Irene Vanbrugh*; *Mrs. Eric Loder*; *Miss Anna Held*; *the Countess of Dudley*; *The Tetrarch*.

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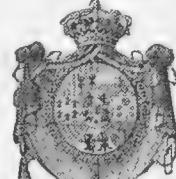
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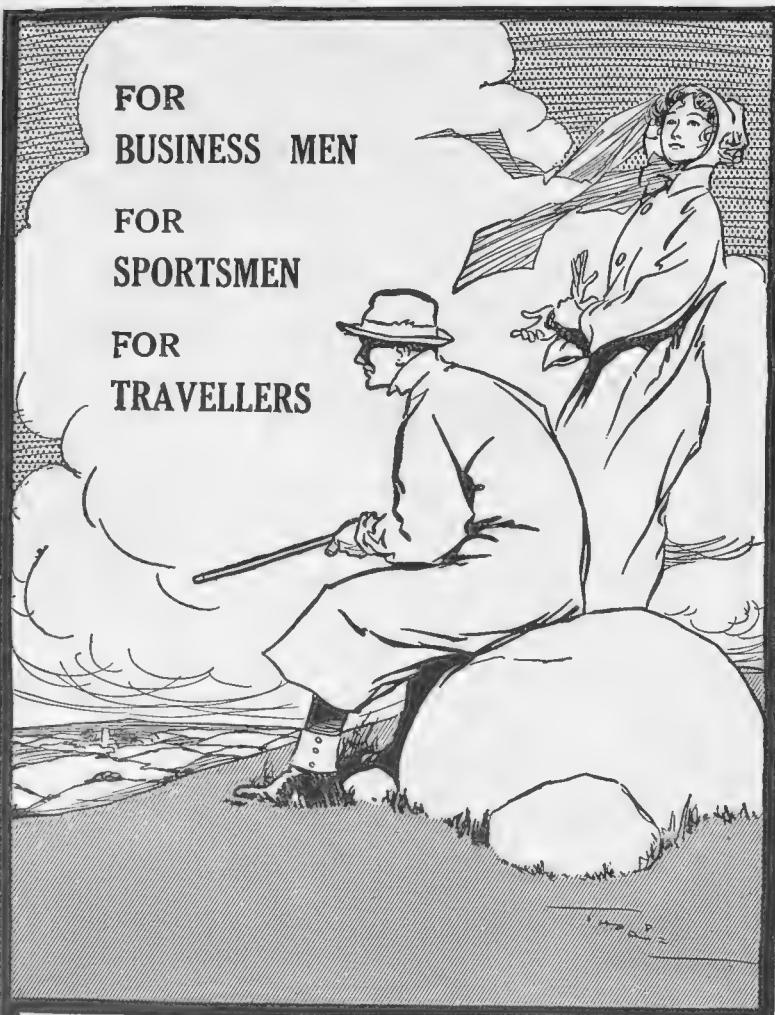
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To women who are annoyed by disfiguring downy hair growths a method of permanently eradicating the same will come as a piece of good news. For this purpose pure powdered phenimol may be used. Almost any chemist should be able to supply an ounce of this drug. The recommended treatment is designed not only to remove the disfiguring growth instantly, leaving no trace, but also to actually kill the hair roots without irritating the skin. * * * Objectionable body odours resulting from perspiration and other causes may be instantly banished by simply applying a little powdered (white) pergol to the affected surface occasionally. * * * Smart women are rapidly adopting the use of the natural allacite of orange blossoms when the complexion is inclined to be oily. It makes a capital greaseless cream, holds the powder perfectly, and does not encourage hair growths.

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Every woman hates a shiny nose and a dull or greasy complexion. Few know that there is an instantaneous remedy at hand in the home, one that is absolutely harmless, and that defies detection even under the closest scrutiny. If you have no clemintine in the house, get about an ounce from your chemist, and add just sufficient water to dissolve it. A little of this lotion applied to the face will instantly cause the greasiness to disappear, and the skin will have a perfectly natural, velvety, youthful bloom that any woman might envy. The effect will last for many hours, and no powder is required, even under the most trying conditions, indoors or out. To prepare the face, neck and arms for a long evening in a hot ball-room nothing can compare with this simple home-made lotion. * * * To make the eyelashes grow long, dark and curling, apply a little mennaline with the finger-tips occasionally. It is absolutely harmless and beautifies the eyebrows as well. * * * Pilenta soap is the most satisfactory for all complexions. It even works well in cold or hard water.

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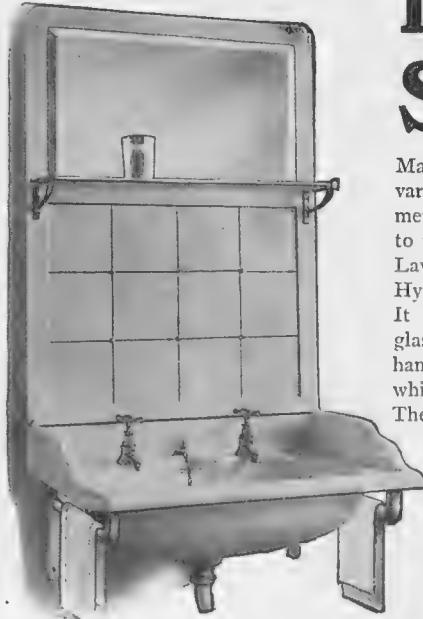
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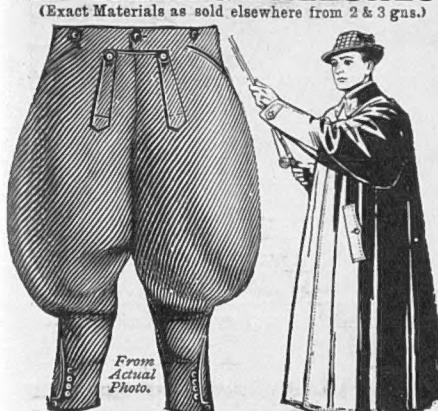
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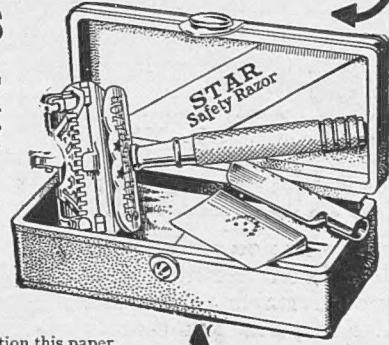
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CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Transformation of Timothy."
By THOMAS COBB.
(Mills and Boon.)

beard had long sprouted also, to the detriment of his desires. Mr. Cobb's book has a vein of humour running along its somewhat middle-class lines. A young girl, fresh from her finishing school, suddenly found herself, by her mother's illness, left to run a boarding-house. Her difficulties with boarders and servants, and the Olympian capacity to deal with both revealed by "the first floor," engage the greater part of the story. Every Sunday Althea visited her mother in hospital, with specious lies intended to soothe the invalid's fears; and every Monday she took up the intolerable week's burden. Anything—anything would be preferable to that complicated misery, was her daily reflection; and yet the one way out seemed impossible to her. The only way was Timothy, and the barrier across that road was his beard. The beard stood for old-fogeydom, for kindness and protection doubtless, but always for the previous generation—for "the friend of my poor father." Out of the question to choose a lover or endure a husband on such lines. Yet Timothy was only thirty-three, and, manlike, quite oblivious to the atmosphere which his attentions and his beard created. But a friend arose for the man who was always befriending, and a visit to a new tailor's, followed very reluctantly by another to a barber's, cleared the way to all his hopes. The merest touch of jealousy finished the trick; and, seeing the state of the house and its inmates by the time Althea's mother was expected home, it is a matter of congratulation for everyone, from Althea downwards, that her future rôle would not include that of keeping a boarding-house.

"The Ffolliots of Redmarley."
By L. ALLEN HARKER.
(John Murray.)

Squire stern enough to lend their proceedings a certain relish. They are also an incongruous background to a prosperous tradesman's

The Ffolliots are chiefly an opportunity for some excellent child-anecdotes; they are a group of high-spirited, intelligent, and often chivalrous young people, with a Mama as pretty as an Academy picture, and a Papa

son, who ran an election and sat in Parliament and fell in love with the eldest girl Ffolliot. The emotional episodes of the story fail to stick, however, though many a youthful joke or boyish witticism will be gratefully remembered. The evening prayers of the youngest Ffolliot are a pleasant memory. Her pretty Mama had read her a pathetic story of a motherless child, which inspired the petition: "Please God, take care of all little girls wiv no mummies." But next night, after a punishment administered by Mrs. Ffolliot, she changed the prayer to: "Please, dear God, take great care of the poor little girls what have got mummies."

"Swirling Waters."

By MAX RITTENBERG.
(Methuen.)

In the rapids of a stream running through the backwoods of Ontario a swirl of waters covered a sunken rock. A man threw over it a chip of wood. The chip was whirled round and round, nearer and nearer to the centre, until finally it was sucked under with a sudden extinguishment. "There's the life you plan," he had said to his companion. To make big money was the life planned by Clifford Matheson; and it took him through some very deep waters indeed. But he had another side—a scientific one; and though married and successful, he lived it to the extent of making it a double life in a tumble-down villa at Neuilly. It was fitted up with nothing more treacherous than a research laboratory, and towards it he fled when his wife became too *exigeante* and great company-promoters too insistent. "Swirling Waters" justifies its title, with an *apache* attack, vitriol-throwing, an alias, a wreck, and a heroic figure of a financial villain. The wreck proves, fortunately, too much for the unsympathetic wife who had already enfeebled herself with drugs, and Clifford emerges from his shady money-affairs and his shaky matrimonial ones to give himself to science hand in hand with an attractive young lady artist who had saved him from vitriol at the expense of her own eyes. "Swirling Waters" is a spirited, quickly moving tale, good to read when holiday moods are strong upon us.

We regret that through a photographer's error the name of Mr. Gerald Graham-Clarke appeared in *The Sketch* of July 16 under the photograph of Mr. John E. H. Graham-Clarke, of Frocester Manor, Gloucestershire, who is to marry Miss Margaret Rouse, younger daughter of Mr. Harry Rouse, of Firby Hall, Bedale, Yorkshire.

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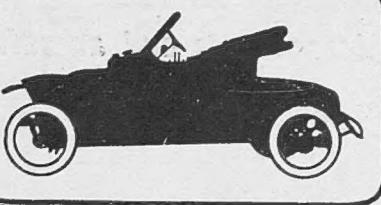
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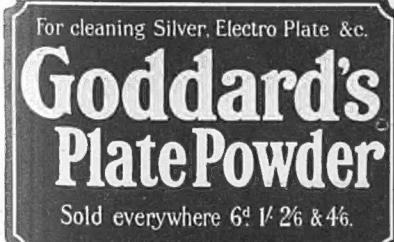
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[THE WINNING POST,
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